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VELLORE.

IT has been weightily remarked that great events, occurring for the first time in history, are never foreseen, however accurately the symptoms which preceded them may have been noted. The French Revolution is of course the chief example of an occurrence carefully observed in the embryo, yet wholly unlooked for; and it has been suggested that we have another instance in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. But, although it is the mere cant of party which objects to particular statesmen or Governments that they might have provided against it if they had been wiser, it is certainly not true that the Sepoy revolt now appears on the theatre of human affairs for the first time. Probably nothing but the extraordinary dulness with which Indian history has been written could have diverted attention from the strange parallel which exists between the events now filling us with amazement and the Sepoy outbreak at Vellore. Most people know that some Sepoys of the Madras army mutinied in 1806, on account of an alteration in the form of a hat, but few have much of the details in their recollection. We think therefore it may be useful to point out that, though the precedent is of course on the smallest possible scale, the exactness of the resemblance is astonishing. There need be no hesitation in stating the circumstances, few events having been so thoroughly sifted as this, from the alarm it occasioned both in India and at home.

A vague uneasiness appears to have pervaded the native Madras army for some little time before the outbreak. There had been no unusual activity among the Christian missionaries—who were, however, numerous in the Province—and no particular favour had been extended to them by the Government. But it does seem that the Sepoys had somehow got into their heads a notion that more sympathy existed than heretofore between the preachers of Christianity and the persons in power; and the suspicion—ever ready to spring up in Oriental minds—that the Government would second its policy by compulsion, was certainly diffusing itself and gathering strength. A General Order from the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, which did not so much introduce any novelties in discipline as consolidate existing practices, confirmed the men's fears. One article of the new code prescribed a slight alteration in head-dress. This, the Sepoys asserted, was intended to make them Topi-wallas, or hat-wearers. "We shall next"—so the common saying was proved to have run—"be compelled to eat and drink with the outcast English, to give them our daughters in marriage, and to become one people with them." It was soon known to the authorities that discontent existed on the subject of the new order respecting accoutrements, but the apparent absurdity of the pretext led them greatly to underrate its seriousness. They took, however, a series of precautions, which almost make one smile from their similarity to the measures adopted by the Indian authorities in the course of last spring. They held special regimental courts, and examined native officers and men as to the grounds of their objection. The witnesses could not or would not explain their scruples. The European officers therefore pointed out to them that the new head-dress had no resemblance to a hat; they urged on them that in certain regiments it had been made up by the men without hesitation; and, lastly, they obtained the opinions of two natives, bearing the highest character for orthodoxy and sanctity—a Mahometan Syed and a Hindoo Brahmin—that there was nothing in the new gear the least incompatible with their religious faith. Ultimately, the Commissioners came to the conclusion that the grievance was irrational, and that, as the Sepoys must be assumed to be rational beings, the order ought to take its course.

But in a few weeks came an explosion, confined, it is true, to one station, but matured and hardly prevented at several

others. After much cavilling among the men, and after the native officers had taken the lead in the movement, several battalions of Sepoys mutinied on July 10th, 1806. About three o'clock in the morning they attacked their own officers and a small party of Europeans quartered with them in Vellore. Every one that fell into their hands was murdered with circumstances of revolting cruelty, and no mercy was shown even to those officers who had seemed before the outbreak to have most of the men's attachment and confidence. But retribution followed swiftly. In less than six hours a European force from Arcot was before Vellore, which was instantly stormed. The mutineers defended themselves irresolutely, and were shot or taken prisoners to a man. And now comes the most extraordinary part of the story. The Sepoys, as we have said, were not six hours in possession of the fortress, and yet, in that time, they had enacted the whole of the strange drama which has since been repeated at Delhi. The grievance, it must be remembered, which occasioned the revolt, was one which could be felt only by a Hindoo. He alone could look with terror on the prospect of eating and drinking with the outcast English, and giving them his daughters in marriage. The Mussulman cared little for being ordered to wear a head-dress which was, in fact, a turban. Yet what was the first step of the malcontent Hindoos? It happened that the fortress of Vellore had been selected as a place of confinement for the sons of TIPPOO SULTAN. These Princes were of course Mahometans, the last members of a dynasty which, during its brief tenure of power, had persecuted Hindooism with a furious fanaticism that transcended the worst excesses of the maddest of the Moguls. Yet the Sepoys instantly placed their allegiance at the feet of TIPPOO's children. A flag which had once belonged to TIPPOO, and bore his insignia, was brought out of the palace and hoisted amidst the acclamations of the multitude. The rulers of Mysore, as is well known, had placed their new kingdom on a level with the Mogul Empire. They were the first Mahometan Princes who had refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Emperor at Delhi. It was, therefore, simply from the craving for a Governor, and from the natural gravitation of Orientals towards a dynasty which had once pretended to empire, that these revolted Brahminists professed themselves the servants of the Moguls of the South.

As soon as intelligence of these alarming occurrences reached England, a vehement controversy broke out as to their cause. There was an almost universal disinclination to believe that the hat, or turban, was more than a pretext. The thing was too ridiculous to be believed. The Whig newspapers, at that time still hostile to the East India Company, eagerly attributed the mutiny to general disaffection. But the prevalent opinion was that it had been a Mahometan conspiracy. The Mussulman gentry, known to be sullenly discontented, were believed to be the only part of the population capable of maturing a plot. The reigns of HYDER ALI and TIPPOO had been a period of splendour and triumph to their faith, and the deposition of the Mysore dynasty, followed by the reinstatement of a Hindoo Royal House, had been felt all over India as a blow to Islam. The revolvers, it was said, had betrayed their true objects in offering the crown to TIPPOO's sons, and it was clear that the weak Hindoos had only been the tools of energetic Mahometan leaders. "The opinion," writes Mr. H. H. WILSON, the continuator of MILL, "that the mutiny at Vellore was of a purely political character, and arose out of a conspiracy to replace a Mahometan dynasty on the throne of Mysore, was strenuously advocated by those who wished to shut their eyes against the evidence of its religious connexion." Among the last were Mr. WILBERFORCE and his followers, who long maintained—though Mr. WILBERFORCE himself ultimately withdrew from the

position—that religious feeling had been absolutely foreign to the outbreak. On the other hand, the antagonists of the rising “Methodist” party vehemently asserted that all the peril had been occasioned by the fanatical zeal of the Indian missions. Many of the East India Directors took this view, and everybody remembers the bitter attack of SYDNEY SMITH on the missionaries contained in one of the first and most characteristic of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. All these controversies, however, died away in time, and, as we have said, there are few events in history about which men had so thoroughly made up their minds as about the Vellore mutiny. We quote the summing-up of Mr. Wilson, simply remarking that, though the writer’s caution and impartiality are unimpeachable, his commentary derives its chief value from having been penned long after the angry discussions excited by the Vellore affair had ceased, and of course considerably before recent events began to colour men’s views. “There can,” he writes, “be no reason to seek for any other origin for the mutiny than dread of religious changes inspired by the military orders. In fairness, however, to the question of the conversion of the natives of India to Christianity, the nature of the panic which spread among the Sipahis requires to be candidly appreciated. It is a great error to suppose that the people of India are so sensitive on the subject of religion, either Hindoo or Mahometan, as to suffer no approach of controversy, or to encounter adverse opinions with no other arguments than insurrection and murder. On the contrary, great latitude of belief and practice has always prevailed amongst them, and especially amongst the troops, in whose ranks will be found seceders of various denominations from the orthodox systems. . . . It was not conversion which the troops dreaded—it was compulsion; it was not the reasoning or the persuasion of the missionary which they feared, but the arbitrary interposition of authority. They believed, of course erroneously, that the Government was about to compel them to become Christians, and they resisted compulsory conversion by violence and bloodshed. The lesson was one of great seriousness, and should never be lost sight of, as long as the relative position of the British Government and its Indian subjects remains unaltered. It is not enough that the authority of the ruling Power should never interpose in matters of religious belief—it should carefully avoid furnishing grounds of suspicion that it intends to interfere.”

THE UNIVERS ON NATIONAL JUDGMENTS.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has recently, and with some indignation, vindicated his patriotism. And it was not before it was needed. To put the best face on the matter, it is a misfortune for the CARDINAL and for his co-religionists, or rather a particular school among Roman Catholics, that they are represented by the *Nation* newspaper across the Irish, and by the *Univers* on the other side of the British Channel. But both the *Univers* and the *Nation* are true to Ultramontane principles. In whatever European country, Protestant or Romanist, these principles prevail, they are signalized by an anti-national spirit. They were found to be inconsistent with Portuguese nationalism; and hence POMBAI’S violent interference with the Peninsular Church. Whenever the least gleam of constitutional freedom breaks upon Spain, its first result is a breach with the Ultramontane clergy. FRANCIS JOSEPH, when bent upon the internal development of Austria, was compelled to break with the Jesuits. Sardinia, as soon as it adopted a constitution, was denounced by the Sardinian hierarchy. In Belgium, it is undeniable that the *parti prêtre* are least favourable to the Government of King LEOPOLD. DE BROGLIE and DE MONTALEMBERT, the champions of French liberty, are denounced by the *Univers* as bitterly as is the English nation. The testimony of history is complete as to the fact that Ultramontanism looks at least coldly on national interests; and it must be so, for a man cannot serve two masters. There are two theories of the Church—one, that of an universal empire governed by prelates; the other, that of a family of independent spiritual rulers, each deriving his own inherent authority from the Divine Head. The former is the Ultramontane, the other the Episcopal theory. Where the former prevails, patriotism has literally no place—there is no room for the sentiment.

And yet history also shows that Roman Catholics, who are not Ultramontanes, are not less obedient sons of the Church, or less faithful adherents to its doctrines, because

they are patriots. English Romanists, in the days of ELIZABETH and CHARLES, were among the most faithful servants and soldiers of the English Crown. A Roman Catholic defeated the Armada. The vindicators of the liberties of the Gallican Church were foremost in defence of the highest Roman doctrine, while they were neither insensible to, nor backward in extending, the glories of the French monarchy. A patriot need not cease to be a firm Romanist; but a patriotic Ultramontane is at least future. If Cardinal WISEMAN is this, and we trust that he is, he will best show his sincerity by protesting against his allies of the *Univers* and the *Nation*. He is especially called upon to do this, because the position he desires to take is that of the man of letters, and refinement, and civilization. He has rendered great services to literature; and he has refined tastes in art. He lectures upon pictures, and galleries, and reading-rooms. He seeks to identify himself with European cultivation; and he talks much and well about the necessity and duty of a nation putting forth all its energies and resources in mental and social culture. But the *Univers*, with reference to the present Indian mutiny, rejoices in the coming humiliation of England. It does so frankly and candidly. But what, in point of fact, is the issue to be decided in Bengal? It is simply the cause of civilization against barbarism. On the one side, we have the civilization and elevation of the human race; on the other, the most brutal and bloody barbarism that ever oppressed the world. As far as India is concerned, the subversion of the British rule would be followed by a social catastrophe more dreadful than that which the barbarians brought on the Western Empire. This is what the *Univers* joyfully anticipates. It revels in the thought of the subversion of civilization. But this is not the ordinary language of Rome; nor is this the argument of BALMEZ, who thinks so highly of the advantages of civilization that he traces every triumph of art and science to Roman Catholic influence. It is reserved for the *Univers* to prefer, as a social blessing to the world, the rule of a Mahomedan to that of a Christian community on the banks of the Ganges. Does the *Univers* really think that the faith of Rome, or its prospects of œcumenical empire, would be improved by the reign of NENA SAHIB on the throne of Delhi? Why, Rome has already tried something of the kind—tried it on the shores of this very India, and further on in the East. And we are not aware that the Malabar and Chinese missions, under heathen sovereigns, have, even though conducted by a XAVIER, been prolific of very large or permanent successes.

But the *Univers* consoles itself with historical parallels, forgetful that they tell against its own argument. England is about to fall—that is its conclusion. “If France did not perish after losing Canada, and if Spain survives the loss of Mexico,” one would think the conclusion should be that England, too, might possibly remain, as France has done, to break out again in some Algiers, or in some such *pauvre* post colonization as we are informed Spain meditates on Morocco. England, because it loses India, is under the direst judgment of God; but “Europe will bless Spain for planting Catholic society in Mexico.” If the parallel is worth anything, Europe will have equal cause to bless England for planting Christianity in India, and even for giving the Catholic missions there free scope for their energies. And if the loss of India is an especial judgment from Heaven upon a country “which does not repent of its heresy,” how came it that “the elder sister of Catholic nations” lost Canada; and how is it that the most faithful daughter of Rome has been expelled from Spanish America? What the *Univers* implies is, that England ought to have returned to the Roman obedience, and ought to have made use of its powers for the spread of the Roman Catholic form of Christianity. This is exactly what CORTES and PIZARRO did, with what results we all know, and it is exactly what “the elder sister of Catholic nations” is not doing at this very moment at Algiers, where entire toleration and protection of the Mahomedans is attended with the happiest results to the French-African colonies.

We are not fond of calling upon any religious body for a sectarian and special avowal of patriotism. We have the highest confidence in the general loyalty and English feeling of the Roman Catholics. They have served too well in our armies to doubt them on the present occasion. But the times are exceptional. Undoubtedly the most active theological school among Roman Catholics is that represented by the *Univers*. In an appeal, the *Univers* was backed by the POPE himself against French Bishops. That journal

has a name, never mind of what sort, in England. It is an organ, it is listened to, and it represents a good deal for which, on purely theological grounds, we claim for it entire independence to say whatever it pleases of the Church and religion of England. But this is quite another matter. It is not pleasant to find, either at Carrick-on-Suir, or in the person of M. LOUIS VEUILLLOT, that there is a single human being who can rejoice in the atrocities of Cawnpore. But it is simply unfortunate for Cardinal WISEMAN, and the particular cast and form of theology which he represents, that throughout Europe, as far as we are aware, the only organs which thoroughly delight in our reverses, and gleefully anticipate our decline and fall, are those which are especially devoted to interests which he, under a very different social aspect, represents. The CARDINAL has the use of his pen—it is that of a ready writer. He is very anxious to do away with newspaper impressions. We are certainly not going to compare the influence of the *Univers* with that of the *Times*; but of the two, the former, to its own friends and readers, speaks with twice the authority of the *Times*. It would only cost the CARDINAL a half-sheet of paper to give us in England his opinion of the *Univers*. For our own sakes the matter is very unimportant; but, as regards the English Roman Catholics generally, for whom we profess, as they deserve, a very high regard, we can only say that, as the CARDINAL is not chary of his judgment on newspaper writers just now, his strictures on the *Univers* would be at least interesting.

WITHIN DELHI.

INTENSELY interesting as are the accounts of the doings of our countrymen in the East, and eagerly as we peruse the records of their heroic conduct with which the daily Journals are now filled, we should, nevertheless, read with avidity a bundle of Sepoy letters written from within Delhi, or from the "Camp before Lucknow." In the present posture of affairs, such a correspondence would be most important and useful; for the mutiny has just reached that point at which as much is to be expected from the progress of internal decay as from our own culminating efforts to suppress it. "Time the Avenger" is our steady friend and cogent ally. To us, time will give health, and strength, and power; but to the enemy it can be productive of nothing but weakness, disease, and dissolution. There is no element of enduring vitality in such a movement as the Sepoys have begun; and the fiercer its spasms, and the more violent its convulsions, the sooner must it exhaust itself. Then comes the reaction, and that prostration from which there can be no second birth of energy and power. Once exhausted, there is no foreign source from which the Sepoys can recruit themselves; whilst to us the "something beyond" is of almost incalculable magnitude and strength.

This is no mere theory. Already we have some glimpses of the state of affairs within Delhi. A letter from a native, residing there, has been translated and published in all our Journals. Bearing on every sentence the impress of truth, it gives a lively picture of the state of the imperial city, and of the condition of the rebel army. It speaks of the terrible oppression exercised by the Sepoys upon the peaceful inhabitants. "They plundered," says the writer, "every rich house and shop in the city. They took every horse they found in the stables of the citizens. They killed a number of poor shopkeepers for asking the proper prices of their things." Everywhere, indeed, the rebellious Sepoys have been the dire enemies of the people. A scourge to mankind, wherever the spirit of mutiny has asserted itself, these lawless men have done such foul wrong to their own countrymen, that there is an intense desire in all the disturbed districts for the re-establishment of order and peace. When the day of our triumph arrives, we shall be hailed as deliverers by thousands upon thousands of the suffering population. Nay, we have already appeared in that character. Our readers will have observed, in the admirable letter descriptive of the movements of HAVELOCK's little army which we published in our last number, the emphatic statement that the arrival of the British force and the re-establishment of our supremacy at Cawnpore had been hailed with delight and enthusiasm by a people harassed and oppressed by NENA SAHIB and the wretches under his control.

Nor is it only that the Sepoys are making war against their countrymen. Already are they beginning to make war on one another. "The poor regiments," says the native writer

quoted above, "are very jealous of those who are rich; as the rich Sepoys don't wish to go to fight, or to the field of battle simply, they are very often insulted by their poor friends. I am of opinion their private feelings will compel them to fight with each other, some day or other, as many times during my stay at Delhi I heard there was very likely to be a quarrel between the rich and poor regiments." Firing, indeed, had been heard in the streets of the city, and there was no doubt that disunion was rapidly spreading among the mutineers. Meanwhile, they were finding that they had another enemy to contend with within the walls of Delhi. The Goojurs, who had aided them as poor men, are turning against them now that they are rich. Plunderers themselves, the Sepoys are becoming objects of plunder. The rabble of Delhi appear to track the Sepoys, when they go out to fight, eager as wolves or vultures for the prey; and if there are not dead bodies enough to spoil, they supply more for the hand of the spoiler. The native writer states that, on the night of the 30th of June, many Sepoys "disappeared for ever; they (others) were plundered and beaten by Goojurs, and did not bring a farthing back with them." These Goojurs had joined in the massacre of our people, and in the pillage of our property; and they are now, with laudable impartiality, as well disposed to rob their own countrymen as to plunder the Feringhees. And so the internecine strife is kept alive in Delhi. The Sepoys plunder the bankers and shopkeepers, and the Goojurs plunder the Sepoys. Every man's hand is against his neighbour, and our battle is fighting itself. Even the sweetmeats (the "favourite mehtos") which the King sends out to the Sepoys, are stolen at the palace gate. "The guard at the door of the city" (the city-gate of the palace), says the native writer, "plunder it like the property of an enemy."

"Every man for himself" is, with the whole body of the Sepoys, the sole principle of action. There is nothing like a common cause. They do not rally round the throne of Delhi. They have no love for the King, no respect for the Princes. "The old King," says the native writer, "is very seldom obeyed; the Princes never." The Sepoys fight for themselves, and plunder for themselves. The cement of a great national object is entirely wanting. "The Sepoys," we are told, "plundered every treasury in the city, and put the money in their own pockets; they did not give a farthing out of this to the King." The MOGUL himself would fain be divested of the greatness which has been thrust upon him; and the least warlike of men, the Shah-zadahs, who in a luckless hour have been called upon to command the rebel forces, are said to be in a state of deplorable terror—"their hearts palpitate from the firings of muskets and guns." If the mutineers can get hold of an European deserter, or of a wretched prisoner who has not the courage to die like a hero rather than serve against his country, they promote him to high office, make him a Brigadier of Artillery, and send him to direct the fire of their guns. It is evident that there is no master-spirit among them—no one who can keep together the discordant elements of the rebel army, and elevate the Sepoy mutiny, at its head-quarters, into a great national movement.

It need not be said that this state of things must necessarily grow worse and worse, until Delhi becomes a very city of Satan. The great aim of every one is money. The Sepoys are intoxicated with rupees. Every man is his own banker, and carries his coin about him in his girdle. But silver is heavy, and gold is scarce; and so the money-dealers, having sold their gold at a profit of sixty or seventy per cent., are now palming off bright copper for good gold. The end will be, that the money-dealers will get all the coin into their possession; and that the Sepoys will then recommence the plunder of the city, and find, in all probability, that the money has disappeared. When Delhi at last falls into our hands, we shall find the soil sown with rupees. The specie will of course be buried in the earth, and there will be "diggings" for our soldiery to outrival California in its palmyest days. And this day of triumph and retribution must come, and we hope soon. We may be short of men and short of ammunition in our camp before Delhi; but a few loyal men are better than legions of traitors, and ammunition when it fails in Delhi cannot be replaced. The failure of copper caps alone, if due precaution is exercised by the authorities, must be fatal in the end to the rebel cause all over the country. Time, indeed, will be our best friend. Already we see the beginning of the end.

WHAT INDIA TEACHES US AS TO CHINA.

WHETHER the accusations brought recently against Cardinal WISEMAN be just or unjust, we entirely subscribe to the general proposition that about the most dastardly thing a man can do is to make capital for his crochets out of a crisis like the present. We should be very sorry to have anything in common with people who, like Mr. LAYARD, regard their country's extremity as useful for the case of "Young India," or who anticipate, as Mr. DICKENS did, at a time when nobody knew what was being done or what was likely to be done, "new triumphs for the Circumlocution-office on the voyage out to Calcutta." If, therefore, we point to some circumstances in the situation of India which bear upon the Chinese question, it is simply because the Chinese question is, for the time, completely laid on the shelf. Lord ELGIN has arrived at Calcutta, not as some of the enthusiasts at Hong Kong have the infantine simplicity to suppose, for the purpose of bringing a body of Madras troops to the Canton waters, but exclusively because his whole mission has fallen into abeyance, and because he is not fool enough to keep sturdy marines idle on the Chinese coast when they may be worth a subsidy in Bengal. The Chinese operations, if they are resumed, will amount substantially to a new war; and, before it begins, it will be as well to consider whether our recent experiences have not thrown some light on that policy of the Chinese authorities which was so clamorously declaimed against in England.

The pretext for the war was the necessity for enforcing the Treaty-right of entrance into the city of Canton. Everybody, we suppose, remembers the circumstances under which Sir JOHN BOWRING chose to insist on the privilege guaranteed to us, and the answer which the Viceroy YEH over and over again remitted to the Superintendent. YEH asserted that the citizens of Canton would not consent to the admission of the English. The English war-party replied by denying the materiality of the issue. It was the business of the Chinese Government to take care that it carried out what it had not hesitated to agree to. Now, we will take the liberty of comparing the province of Canton with the Punjab. Far be it from us to insult Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, who, merciful as he is brave, has not sacrificed a single life which was not forfeited to justice and exacted by policy, by comparing him with the ruthless executioner at Canton; but there is just this resemblance between the servant of the British and the servant of the Chinese Government, that each has kept safe a great province for a distant and hard-pressed master. One in a Christian and Occidental, the other in a barbarous and Oriental fashion, has made a swarm of revolvers quail before his marvellous energy. Is then a Viceroy, under such circumstances, to be judged like the deputy of an organized Government in full play, and with all its forces at work? It is not very difficult to conceive some powerful neighbour of the Punjab making a demand on Sir JOHN LAWRENCE exactly like that which YEH resisted. DOST MAHOMED might just now be trying to enforce a right guaranteed to him by a hundred treaties, and yet, if the privilege asked for were distasteful to the fierce population on whose loyalty the Chief Commissioner has successfully thrown himself, the letter of the engagement would have to go to the wall. The best and honestest course to take would be exactly that which the much-reviled YEH adopted. Policy and fair-dealing could not dictate any better expedient than simply telling the truth—than saying that it was impossible for the local Government to make good the promise, and then begging that the request for its fulfilment might be deferred.

The condition of India throws some light, also, on the famous paradox that we are at war with the Viceroy of CANTON, and not with the Emperor of CHINA. The fact is that the Chinese dominions are chronically and permanently in the state in which the Bengal Province finds itself momentarily, and until succours arrive. The old Government holds the capital and the district around it; and one distant province is bound to its allegiance by the energy of a skilful governor. Between the "Two Kwangs" and Peking, as between the Punjab and Calcutta, the whole country is more or less occupied by rebels; and there is probably in China some one intermediate point, like Delhi, at which the Imperialists and the revolvers are in actual conflict. The reason why the Imperial Government takes no notice of YEH's difficulties is, that it is compelled to leave him to struggle through them as he best can. The EMPEROR is only just able to make head against the insurrection,

and it is doubtful whether he can even communicate with his representative on the Southern coast. In such a situation, we ought to know exactly the only results which can follow the utmost success in the campaign which has been planned. If we defeat YEH in the South, we shall march into Canton; but we shall have to hold it indefinitely, because its loss will not, any more than its retention, exercise immediate influence on the fortunes of the Imperialists in the North. If we, on the other hand, send a flotilla up the Pei-ho, and inflict a heavy blow on the EMPEROR in Peking, the probability is that we shall simply turn the scale in favour of the revolvers. When that is done, we are still a long way from finding an organized Government to receive our remonstrances; but even when we have got one, to imagine that it will be more manageable than the Tartar Court is pure silliness. People with that queer twist in the intellect which sometimes shows itself in members of the religious world may persuade themselves, like the Bishop of VICTORIA, that the rebels have some kind of affinity for English Protestants; but statesmen surely know that the best government to deal with is one which has been actually accustomed to the responsibilities of office. The Imperialist Cabinet is intractable enough, but it at least remembers the lesson of the last war. The rebels, if successful, will be new to power, ignorant probably of the very history of the last conflict with England, debauched with bloodshed, and inflated with yet insatiable pride than that which it has cost us so much to subdue. So far as we can understand the plan of action which the Indian mutiny interrupted, it was a project conceived in stolid disregard of the actual situation of the Chinese Empire, and its object was to promote English interests in China by handing over to sanguinary and prejudiced barbarians the heritage of a dynasty which we had succeeded, with infinite trouble, in thrashing into common sense.

RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

THE Report which has just issued from the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, though not altogether an exhilarating document, contains some crumbs of comfort for the desponding proprietors of railway stock. The ample statistics which are appended to it, like almost all similar returns for several years past, prove that there is an inherent vitality in railway undertakings which nothing but the grossest mismanagement could have depressed to its present feeble condition. Had a tenth part of the prudence and intelligence which are displayed in the ordinary commercial business of the country been exhibited by the Directors of Railway Companies, shareholders would have had as much reason as the travelling public to congratulate themselves on the results of the bold speculation which so rapidly covered the country with its network of rails. The tables, which show the progress of traffic and the amount of dividend for the last ten years, prove beyond all question that, but for the flagrant extravagance practised by every Board in the early days of the railway movement, a ten per cent. dividend, instead of being an unheard-of thing, would have been the rule with the majority of companies.

The average cost of the lines now in existence appears, by Captain GALTON'S Report, to have been about 35,000*l.* per mile, while the lines which have been opened since 1848 have been constructed at an expense of less than 10,000*l.* per mile. There is no reason to believe that the more recent lines have been freer from engineering difficulties than those which were thought the most promising at the commencement of the great experiment; and it seems to be a fair inference, that about two-thirds of the capital sunk by the existing companies have been recklessly squandered, and that the average rate of interest realized, including that upon loans and preference shares, as well as upon ordinary stock, is not more than one-third of what it would have been if a reasonable thrift had taken the place of the wild prodigality with which the money of Railway Companies has been expended. The proportion we have stated is, besides, far from representing the whole difference which would have been felt by the holders of original shares. The loan and preferential capital forms nearly one half of the whole amount invested in these speculations, and this bears interest the average rate of which is over five per cent., leaving little more than three per cent. for the remuneration of the real shareholders. If the average dividend on all descriptions of capital had been, as it might have been,

twelve instead of four per cent., there would have remained, after paying five per cent. on one moiety, not less than nineteen per cent. on the ordinary stock.

It is true that, to some extent, the novelty of the speculation, and the inordinate estimate formed of the capability of Railway Companies to bear any amount of burden, rendered it impossible for the early projectors to construct their lines with the economy which has since been found practicable. Influential landowners would harass every new project with obstinate and interested opposition; juries would make the companies pay more for land than it was worth; and the actual price at which contracts were taken was far higher than contractors are now able to command. But the greater part of these sources of expenditure may be traced to the Managers rather than to the opponents of Railway Companies. The early projectors began by a system of reckless bribery to Peers, Members of Parliament, landowners, and all persons in short who were supposed to have any influence which could be exerted for or against the contemplated undertakings. This policy was a direct premium on opposition; and where Directors bought off one enemy at an enormous price, they tempted a score of others to thwart them, in the hopes of making an equally extortionate bargain. The exaggerated representations of their own wealth and prosperity made it impossible for the Companies to obtain justice from juries who were led to believe that, by inclining the scales against a Company, they would be doing no appreciable injury to a body too rich to feel the loss of a few hundreds or thousands, more or less, in the price of the land which was taken from private owners. Some allowance must, no doubt, be made for the difficulties encountered at the outset, which would tend to modify the conclusions we have stated above; but the difference between 35,000*l.* and 10,000*l.*, as the price of a mile of railway, is so enormous that it is not easy to acquit the Directors of Railway Companies of having, by their own mistaken policy, doubled or trebled the cost of the lines they constructed.

This was the first and main cause of the unremunerative character of Railway undertakings. Had it been the only cause, its effects would before this have been in great measure retrieved; but the schemes by which the truth was for years disguised, the fictitious dividends, the pleasant accounts, and the system of private plunder which naturally sprang up when once the fraudulent element had been introduced, have postponed the day of recovery, and have of course, at the same time, grievously aggravated the disasters which have to be repaired. We dare not yet say that this system is altogether extinct, but we believe that it has been so far checked, by repeated exposures, that there is some prospect of fair play being given to the majority of Companies to work their way towards the prosperity which the natural value of their property ought to insure. A third cause of the prolonged depression of railway interests, is the lust of territory, and the perpetual encouragement of new and often worthless projects; but this evil has also shown a marked tendency to decline. The number of miles of new railway annually sanctioned, from 1846 to 1856, has gradually dwindled from 4500 to 322—the last number being less than that for any of the three preceding years. In every particular error, therefore, to which the present unfortunate condition of railway property can be attributed, the statistics now furnished show at least a mitigation of the evil; and, if it were not impossible to place much confidence in the management of Companies as at present constituted, one might fairly reckon on the steady progress which is certain to come whenever Boards of Directors will just foster the traffic on the lines already made, and patiently wait for the improvement which time cannot fail to bring. Whether it is in the nature of any Board to pursue a course so simple and rational, may be doubted; and we should look forward with more confidence if a new mode of administration could be introduced, which should concentrate responsibility in the hands of a very small number of adequately-paid officials.

If only a fair chance is given to the Companies—we do not say by good management, but even by the absence of the outrageous blundering and dishonesty which has hitherto been so conspicuous in Railway matters—there is no reason to despair. The table of the average dividends, on ordinary shares, during the last eight years, shows an advance from 1.88 per cent. in 1849, to 3.12 per cent. in 1856. There is, it is true, no improvement in this respect on 1855, while there is a slight falling-off as compared with 1854; but it is probable that these apparently discouraging circumstances are due to the greater strictness with which the distinction between

capital and income expenditure is maintained now, than was the practice a few years ago. That this is the real explanation seems obvious from another table, in which Captain GALTON has given the net earnings instead of the actual dividends declared. These exhibit a steady increase, the per-centage which they bear to the whole capital, in the case of the English railways, being, for the three years ending with 1856, 3.78, 3.85, and 4.07 respectively. But besides the assurance which is afforded of future improvement, in the absence of any further gross mismanagement, Captain GALTON's Report may be of great service to Railway Managers, by pointing out the results of the experiments which have been made in the direction of a reduction of fares. A diminution in the price of first-class tickets has produced an increase in the receipts per mile. A slight alteration in the opposite direction, in second-class fares, has been productive of no material change in the mileage receipts; while a considerable reduction in the rates at which third-class passengers have been carried, has been followed by a large increase in the returns per mile. These and other details may give to Railway Directors some useful hints as to the policy by which their undertakings may be made more remunerative than they have yet proved; and if only common prudence is shown in the administration of their affairs, there is no reason why railways should not yet become as flourishing a class of investments as any in the world.

THE MARRIAGE OF FELLOWS QUESTION.

OUR last article on this subject proved the commencement of a controversy which has been sustained with spirit even amidst the overpowering interest of the Indian war. The *Times*, indeed, was for settling the question after a very summary fashion. A man, we were told, is not to expect, because he has won a good prize for himself, to have a provision for a wife and family. This is the way in which controversial justice is meted out by the autocrats of the press. Who has asked for a provision for a wife and family? Who has asked for anything more than the same income limited by a term of years, instead of being forfeited on marriage? It is admitted on both sides that a non-resident fellowship is in effect a mere prize, the tenure of which in no way affects the internal system or discipline of the College. Why, then, should the value of this prize be diminished in the case of a man who marries early, and who therefore, having deserved it just as much as he who remains unmarried, wants it rather more? You do not dream of making the holder of any other prize—a University Scholarship, for example—forfeit his stipend on marriage; why should you impose this penalty in the case of a fellowship? That is really the simple question at issue, as regards non-resident fellowships, between the two parties in this discussion.

It is suggested that if the limit of a term of years were substituted for the existing condition of celibacy we should have imprudent marriages. The Bachelors of Arts who take part in the controversy are precociously solicitous and sagacious on this point. They apprehend that a man who has two or three years to run of a terminable fellowship will marry on it as if it were perpetual, or in the vague hope that before it expires a legacy will drop in, or that some other unforeseen means of subsistence will be provided by fortune. It strikes one as being rather an unsatisfactory result of education if those who have had the advantage of it, in its highest and most expensive form, are still so destitute of common prudence and self-control that they cannot help taking the most important step in life on the assumption that a term of two or three years is a perpetuity, or that something will drop from the clouds for them before the term expires. Men are to spend their time till they are two-and-twenty exclusively in the cultivation of their understanding; and then we are to legislate for them on the presumption that they will be as incapable of exercising their understanding, in their own concerns, as the most uncultivated boor. Imprudent marriages will no doubt be sometimes made by Fellows of Colleges as they are by holders of small offices and small livings, whose offices and livings we do not on that account make forfeitable on marriage. The liability to commit this error is an incident of our common state of probation, whether we are Fellows of Trinity or unlettered hinds. There are some people who, in their motherly solicitude, would almost prevent us from having houses more than one story high, for fear we should throw ourselves out of the two-pair windows. If B.A. can

see so clearly that it is indiscreet to marry and have fourteen children (the wags always say fourteen) on a two or three years' interest in a fellowship of 200*l.*, perhaps M.A., with a little help from the superior wisdom of B.A., may also be made conscious of the same pretty obvious fact.

We may fairly expect that ordinary good sense will prevent men from undertaking to maintain a wife and family on a provision on which the slightest reflection must show they cannot be maintained. We cannot fairly expect that ordinary good sense will preserve men from the enervating and paralyzing influence of a small stipend, tenable for life on condition of celibacy. The tendency of such stipends is obvious and notorious. There is a perpetual temptation to fall back on them, and to dawdle away life in the languid enjoyment of them, instead of facing the early difficulties of a profession, and climbing the steep path which leads to usefulness and honour. Many of the failures in after-life of men distinguished at College ought, we believe, to be attributed to the relaxing influence of perpetual fellowships, rather than to the exhaustion of the mental powers by over-reading for high degrees. Any one who will look round the circle of his College acquaintance, will probably find instances of unsettled and wasted lives traceable to this cause. It is alleged that the expectants of fellowships generally at Cambridge are opposed to the substitution of a limit of years for the limit of celibacy, thinking a fellowship which may be held for life, if the holder does not marry, the greater thing of the two. It would be very much better, in our opinion, if men could be led to consider a fellowship not quite so great a thing as they do at present—if they could be taught to regard it as a means to higher objects, and not the end of all their endeavours, and to economize for those higher objects their mental and bodily energy, instead of squandering them on the attainment of a celibate sinecure of 200*l.* a-year. As to fellowships held by men who really devote themselves to a literary life, of course the case is different; but residence at the seat of learning seems a fair test whereby to discriminate such fellowships from those which are held, or ought to be held, merely as assistances, useful alike to the individual and the public, in the commencement of a profession.

We will venture to say that no one would have dreamed of imposing the restriction of celibacy on the tenure of a non-resident fellowship, had they not found it, or imagined that they found it, in the founders' Statutes. A little reflection will show that the founders, who were men of sense in their day, are wholly irresponsible for the anomalies of the present system, and that the charge of "magnificent disregard of founders' intentions" against those who would change that system, are therefore entirely out of place. The Statutes universally speak exclusively of *resident* fellowships, the holders of which were devoted to academical studies, and lived in common within the same walls, and at the same board. Of non-resident fellowships, held as prizes and as supports by men engaged in active professions, the founders had no conception, and the letter of their will has been already departed from as widely as possible by allowing Fellows to hold their places on these terms. Such fellowships must be regarded as a gradual creation of modern times, sanctioned by expediency, but unknown to the Statutes, and in most cases opposed to their direct enactments, and must be dealt with, therefore, not by any rules furnished by the Statutes, but simply by reference to the habits and requirements of the present day. The case of resident fellowships, held by the literary and educational staff of a College, we have already admitted to be different, and far more complicated, and therefore to require a separate consideration. We will only say of it at present, that it must be treated with a view to the interests of the institution, not of individuals; and that it was prejudiced at the outset, in the eyes of practical men, by being treated with a view rather to the interests of individuals than of the institution.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK AGAIN.

THE Royal British Bank has turned up once more in the Court of Bankruptcy. There have been, on this occasion, no startling revelations of the principles of Joint-stock banking as practised by the smartest of all boards of directors. Until the trial, which is to take place in December, the public appetite for such exciting food must be content with the disclosures which have been elicited in the affairs of the Eastern Banking Corporation and other Companies, which have only too well

followed the example of Mr. CAMERON and his crew. But the announcements made by the assignees of the Royal British Bank on Wednesday last, through their indefatigable representative, Mr. LINKLATER, are not without interest of another kind. A good many persons must be anxious to hear what are the prospects of final liquidation held out to the creditors of the bubble bank, and all who are desirous that the course of legislation should discourage to the utmost the concoction of fraudulent companies, will watch with some eagerness the operation of the Compromise Act of last Session, by which it was hoped that some at least of the scandals of the old law would be got rid of.

Mr. LINKLATER's narrative of the more recent progress towards a settlement is brief but not encouraging. As long ago as March last a proposition for a compromise was pretty generally approved by the creditors of the Bank. The terms suggested were, that the shareholders should contribute 6*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, which, with 10*s.* derived from the assets of the Bank, would make a reasonable composition. In consideration of being released from any further demands, a large body of the more respectable shareholders pledged themselves to raise the stipulated sum; and, as some guarantee for their good faith, they agreed to deposit in the hands of the assignees the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be forfeited in case they should fail to accomplish their promise. Mr. LINKLATER tells us that 10,000*l.* was actually deposited, and this fact may satisfy discontented creditors that there is, on the part of at least a portion of the shareholders, an honest desire to meet their liabilities by a compromise which, under the circumstances, those who have demands on the insolvent Company would be wise to accept. It ought never to be forgotten that the great majority of the members of the Bank were quite as innocent of any of the frauds of the Directors as the depositors themselves, and if a general disposition is shown by the unlucky shareholders to do their best to wipe off their liabilities, we think they have a fair right to look for some little mercy. Indeed, from the feeling manifested by all but certain creditors of the Shylock order, many of whom acquired their rights by the purchase of claims at a low rate, after the smash had taken place, there is little doubt that the proposed composition would be willingly accepted. The Act of last Session has enabled the assignees to override the objections of a dissident minority, and if the pending negotiations come to nothing, it will be the fault of the legislature in not having armed the assignees with effectual means for bringing the more obstinate of the shareholders to equitable terms. For the sake of all parties, it is to be hoped that the affairs of this wretched swindle may be finally wound up on the proposed basis, and without any further litigation of a kind which is not very creditable either to the law or the persons concerned in it; but from what passed at the sitting in Basinghall-street, we do not feel very sanguine as to the result.

It seems that a considerable number of the shareholders have returned to this country with the determination to carry out the compromise if possible, but the tone of Mr. LINKLATER's observations suggests some doubts whether they will be able to procure the adhesion of a sufficient number to enable them to do so. Mr. LAWRENCE, who represented the returned shareholders, declared indeed that gratitude for the passing of the Act which has clipped the talons of greedy creditors ought to produce a handsome contribution, but as there are no future favours to be looked for, we confess that we have but scant faith in the efficiency of grateful impulses. Mr. LINKLATER, we think, took a more businesslike view of affairs when he ventured on some gentle minatory hints as an inducement to bring in those who are still keeping him at arm's-length. But even he betrayed an uneasy feeling as to the sufficiency of his power to give effect to his denunciations. There is an old story of a laconic demand made by an Irish chieftain on his neighbour, in these words—"Pay me your tribute, or —!" Mr. LINKLATER adopts the same formula—"Pay your composition, or —." According to the Irish story, the blank did not imply enough to force compliance, and we are afraid that Mr. LINKLATER will find himself in much the same position. Everything depends on the extent to which the law enables him to apply pressure in the event of payment being refused. No compromise—at any rate, with a large body of debtors—was ever yet enforced without some strong inducement in the background. Spanish, Mexican, and Venezuelan bondholders know how fruitless it is to negotiate with a debtor who is beyond the reach of pressure; and unless the assignees really have something more than an

empty threat with which to back their solicitations, they will scarcely be more successful in their appeal to the shareholders as a body.

Now, what is the alternative that Mr. LINKLATER has it in his power to threaten? Simply this—that if the composition is not promptly paid, he will proceed at once to deal with individual shareholders who are prepared to act fairly and honestly, and will leave all who do not contribute exposed to the proceedings of creditors. This sounds very formidable, but as Parliament has practically stopped the proceedings of creditors, which really were too barbarous to be allowed to proceed, we cannot see how the shareholders are to be brought to look at things in the desired light. Mr. LINKLATER, indeed, urges that creditors may still take hostile proceedings, and that they can only be stayed on condition that a fair contribution is made. But this amounts in fact to nothing. No creditor will move a finger to disturb a single shareholder. The men who did it before the late Act was passed were, many of them, greedy Jews, anxious, by all means in their power, to make their own claims secure. Will they be as active when the only result of costly and troublesome litigation will be to benefit, not themselves personally, but the general body of creditors? Human nature must be marvellously changed if they will. One only resource remains, and that is for the assignees themselves to adopt, in the name of individual creditors, the legal proceedings which they should have been empowered to take in their official capacity. The Act ought to have swept away altogether the right of any single individual to harass particular victims among the great body of contributories, and at the same time ample powers should have been given to the representatives of the creditors at large to constrain recalcitrant shareholders to submit to a reasonable compromise. The great blunder which was committed was the throwing upon individuals the duty of supporting the demands which the assignees might make; and unless the provision for this purpose should be worked in the way we have anticipated—really by the assignees, though nominally by particular creditors—the Act will prove a dead letter, and the projected compromise will fall to the ground.

The sooner Mr. LINKLATER begins to settle separately with those who are willing to contribute, the better it will be for all who are interested on either side. The men who are honestly striving to free themselves from liability will thus be relieved from the miseries of their present position, and funds will be collected much more rapidly than by holding out for a general compromise, which will certainly be carried out when the payment of debts comes to be regarded as a pleasant occupation. When all the *bond fide* compounders have been dealt with, there will remain a goodly army of outstanders against whom Mr. LINKLATER, if he pleases, may test the edge of the blunted weapons which Parliament has left in his hands. Perhaps the experience to be gained in the contest will suggest to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL an amendment in the law which shall finally abolish, even in name, the odious powers hitherto conferred on the creditors of insolvent companies, and shall, at the same time, provide a more efficient substitute than any that is to be found in the last attempt at patching the clumsy legislation by which the wisdom of Parliament has regulated the affairs of Joint-Stock Associations.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES AND M. DE RÉMUSAT.

THERE is no periodical publication in Europe which can be in the least compared with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the extent, variety, and ability of the original matter which it gives to the public. Its numbers contain fully as much as a number of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and are, to say the least, as well written and maintained at as high a level of thought, learning, and spirit—and yet they appear every fortnight. It indicates a marvellous pitch of literary activity that such a Review should be published so often, with scarcely ever a poor or insipid article in its pages, and almost always with one or two articles of a very high calibre. The position of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is partly owing to the great number of men of cultivated intellect in France who are willing to contribute to periodical literature, while a large proportion of the best writers in England are busied in professional occupations or engaged in practical statesmanship. Partly, also, it arises from the available talent of France being more concentrated into the focus of a single publication than is the case in England. But the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is distinguished by something else than ability and the variety of its contents. It is rich in good sound sense, it is temperate, just, and impartial, and holds itself aloof from senti-

mentalism and from extreme views of all kinds. It is the purest, as well as the highest product of the French intellect of the day. There is a largeness and a fearless candour of spirit exhibited in its treatment of difficult subjects which we wish we could oftener see in English writings. It would be in vain to look, in an English periodical, for such an article by a layman as that on the "Religious Ideas of the Nineteenth Century," which appeared in the last number, from the pen of M. Saint-René Taillandier. The author of this remarkable article commences by saying, that it has been the task of France, in the present century, to appropriate the results of German thought, but in appropriating them, to review, to elucidate, and to modify them—to reduce them to a practical standard, and harmonize them with the permanent and indisputable facts of human life and human society. The claim urged in behalf of France generally, may be urged pre-eminently in behalf of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and the remark of M. Saint-René Taillandier may be extended so as to apply to England as well as to Germany. In every page of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* we trace the influence of England. We see a tacit reference to our institutions, an habitual recognition of the ideas which England offers to the world, a cultivation of tastes, and a formation of judgments, by the aid of English literature. It would be absurd to deny that this weighs with us in our estimation of the *Review*.

More especially in its political discussions is it apparent that England exercises a strong influence over the writers of the *Review*. It is the stronghold of French Constitutionalism, the exponent of the ideas entertained by so many able and patriotic Frenchmen, and in some degree embodied in practice during the thirty years which intervened between the fall of the first Empire and the lamentable Revolution of 1848. For Englishmen who wish to appreciate the present and the future of France, the political articles of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have the greatest interest. In them we see the opinions of those men with whom we have most in common. Very often these opinions gain their chief importance from the circumstances under which they are expressed. It is because they write under an Empire that we wish to know how French Constitutionalists regard Constitutionalism. But it is true of all political writings, that their value depends greatly on the circumstances under which they are written. In England, at present, there is no matter for strong political feeling or animated political discussion. We are in a period of calm after the adjustment of great disputes. The *Quarterly*, once, as the organ of the Tory party, so acrid, so vehement, so outrageous in its political sympathies and animosities, has turned its sword into a ploughshare, and chronicles the habits of rats and salmon. Its rival, in blue and buff, limits its political efforts to ascertaining, by many ingenious experiments, what is the very mildest and safest shape in which the traditional doctrines of the Whigs can be presented to an apathetic public. But what would be platitudes in England, are not platitudes in France. Whether Constitutionalism is or is not wholly and for ever exploded in France, is as grave and as important a subject of inquiry as a Frenchman can discuss. M. de Rémusat has recently published an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which he discusses this question with singular force, wisdom, and moderation. It is an article as well worth studying on this side of the Channel as the other; for it addresses itself to combat many of the fallacies current among Englishmen, when they speak and judge of France.

The chief of these fallacies is derived from what is called the philosophy of history. Since the successive stages of society have become the favourite subject of study, it has become customary to regard as the best form of government that which results from the situation and the age of the society to which it is applied. As M. de Rémusat observes, there is no objection to this doctrine except that it is wholly useless. It teaches us nothing. Whatever may be the condition of a people, there are several forms of government which we may conceive them to adopt. Human affairs are not so simple that we can at once pronounce that one nation is born to obey an oligarchy, and another to obey a despot. The philosophy of history is, in fact, too often a mere glorification of what exists. Its disciples exclaim, "Whatever is, is right." But nations are sometimes called on to choose their government, and surely there is a worse and a better in this choice. The mere force of the nature of things will not invariably conduct those who have the choice to the best of all possible results. France, which is perpetually trying experiments, can scarcely be said to have made any final choice as yet. Her citizens are therefore driven to agitate those questions which divided wise men more than two thousand years ago. It is curious to hear a modern Frenchman referring, with a personal and present interest, to that memorable discussion recorded or imagined by Herodotus, in which the Persian conspirators decided on the future government of their country. But M. de Rémusat urges that, even at the present day, something may be learnt by looking into the pages of the first of historians. After all, in every age, there is but one question of government to resolve—shall the form of polity be complex or simple? The voice of antiquity, the voice of the wisest of mankind, have always pronounced in favour of a complex government. For centuries, the opposite opinion triumphed, and the triumph was embodied in the government of the Cæsars. After the reveries of English Imperialists, we are both amused and gratified with the way in which M. de Rémusat speaks of the later

Roman Empire. "This Empire was," he says, "destined to produce the jurisprudence and the philosophy of tyranny in giving birth to the Empire of Byzantium, the most detestable school that has ever been opened for the instruction of kings and peoples. . . . I do not hesitate," he exclaims, "to regard the despotism of the Cæsars as the principal cause of the decay or degradation of the European societies during more than twelve centuries of the Christian era."

Unfortunately, when France awoke from its long trance to assert that indefeasible claim to liberty which had been feebly defended in the Middle Ages by the sense of personal independence cherished among the Teutonic nations, and by the municipal institutions of the old Roman cities, the effort made was of a purely destructive character. The only thought current was how most effectually to crush the antagonists of freedom. Success therefore brought with it a blank. There were no constructive elements left—the machine was unimpeded, but it was still. The troubles of the Revolution also implanted in the French mind the desire, so fatal to liberty, of settling all disputes by an appeal to force. It was the aim of the Constitutional régime to implant in the breast of the nation the love of the law. Some slight progress was made, but it was only slight, because the Court refused to accept the situation in which it found itself, and was constantly endeavouring to outwit and overreach the legislation which secured its power. After the Revolution of 1848, there was nothing, M. de Rémusat informs us, which so early and so profoundly convinced him of the instability of the Republic as the disposition he saw on all hands to refer every question to the sword. What the issue has been we all know, but in estimating it, we may apply a remark which is made by M. de Rémusat on the earlier history of Europe. "Few nations," he says, "contained in themselves the principle of their enfranchisement. Thence arose the want which they felt to be guided by a light which they could not kindle for themselves, and to receive instruction from without. This explains the great part which literature has played in the modern world. Society owes everything to the great products of the human intellect." Literature, we may venture to believe, which has played so great a part in the past history of Europe, has a part to play in the future history of France. Of times and seasons, of means and opportunities, we know nothing, but it is almost impossible that no results should follow when, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in larger and separate publications, we find nearly every man of literary eminence in France steadily and calmly asserting his conviction, that in a Constitutional government alone can his country find satisfaction and security.

It would be contrary to the whole policy of the Constitution-ists of France, and in the teeth of their most explicit assertions, if we were to suppose that they were anxious to create or precipitate a crisis. But they feel themselves entitled to show that no party can claim a superiority over them. To the party of reaction they can submit the question—answered as soon as asked—whether it is possible that France should return to the position she held before the great revolution? The ideas of 1789 have worked themselves into the heart of the nation, and if the issue of the revolution, in its political aspect, is still uncertain, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt as to the fact, that in its social aspect, the revolution has been irrevocably accomplished. To the extreme party of democracy and socialism, it can object an inherent vagueness of ideas, and an innate incapacity to govern. It is itself exposed to the reproach that it has been tried and failed, but so, it may be replied, has every other form of government. "Where," says M. de Rémusat, "is the Government which has been steeped in the Styx, and been made impervious to the arrows of Revolution? It is not the system of representative government, but the 19th century which is revolutionary. No political system is an infallible preservative against the effects of the time in which we live; but, after all, since the storm of 1789 arose, and even in the country over which it swept with its utmost fury, that which has lasted longest is representative government."

IDIOTY FROM THE INNERMOST.

ABOUT a year ago, we noticed a pamphlet on apparitions by a Mr. Newton Crosland, in which that gentleman developed things, as we innocently thought, unattempted in verse or prose by any other human creature. Since that time, however, our acquaintance with "spiritual" literature has increased; and we are therefore disposed to believe that a small volume, called *Light in the Valley*, and purporting to be written by Mrs. Newton Crosland, the wife of our former acquaintance, is a genuine book by a real human being. But for this we should have inclined to the belief that the hot weather had driven Messrs. Routledge's compositors crazy, or that a whole legion of unprofessional devils had entered into the type of that respectable firm—the result being infinitely less consecutive or intelligible than the ancient legend which begins with the remarkable statement that "she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie," and ends with the information that "they all fell playing at the game of catch who catch can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

Light in the Valley is a series of revelations which are certainly darkness out of the valley—wherever that favoured locality may be. Opening the book almost at random, we find the following remarkable sentiment:—"INSANITY AND IDIOTY.—Insan-

nity is from the Inner, Idiocy from the Innermost." We are, upon further examination, led to the belief that this "revelation," for such it is, was intended as a description of the two halves of the book in which it appears. The first may not unfairly be described as Insanity from the Inner, but the second unquestionably reaches the dignity of Idiocy from the Innermost.

Insanity from the Inner consists of six chapters, which are devoted to establishing the antiquity, the respectability, and above all, the Scriptural authority of spirit rapping. After a flourish of trumpets about infidelity, and the awful consequences of not teaching children to be afraid of ghosts, or at any rate to believe in fairies, the authoress proceeds to call her witnesses. The first of these is a remarkable one, being no less a person than the present Professor of Modern History at Cambridge—Sir James Stephen. Sir James is not alleged to be himself an unbeliever, but in an essay republished from the *Edinburgh Review*, he irreverently observes that it is curious to see what "extravagances and nursery tales" Baxter believed without any evidence whatever—how, for example, one Simon Jones saw a headless bear, how "a drunkard's shoes were lifted up by an invisible hand," how "a tobacco pipe had the habit of moving itself from a shelf at one end of the room to a shelf at the other end," and how "a Bible made a spontaneous leap into the minister's lap, and opened itself at a passage, on hearing of which the evil spirit who had possessed the pipe was exorcised." Sir James is gravely rebuked as "an average specimen" of our sceptical generation, but Mrs. Crosland knows a great deal better. "The shoes and the pipe were likely to be strongly imbued with the magnetism of the wearer and user, and consequently to present, if they were mediums, the precise conditions under which disembodied spirits appear capable of acting on matter. And the Bible, supposing it to have been much read and handled, must have been impregnated with human emanations."

The keenest philanthropist, we fear, would feel somewhat discouraged in the prospect of a long career of rapping usefulness, if it could only be carried on by the medium of matter "impregnated with human emanations." The carnal mind will be a long time in learning to look upon dirty shirts as little heavens below, however "strongly imbued with the magnetism of the wearer." Associations with tables might be less unpleasant, and Mrs. Crosland seems to feel that they are her strong point. "Thoughtless is but another name for foolish, and perhaps there has been a good deal of thoughtless ridicule heaped upon the word table. Is there no reverence for that mysterious table which was made by God's own order as part of the Tabernacle furniture?" (the same remark of course applies to the snuffers, the spoons, and the "candlestick and his knobs"). "No tender interest in that modern thing which must somehow represent" &c. &c. Indeed, "who shall say there is not something about the table to which spirit may appropriately cling?"—or body either, especially when in liquor. The spirits themselves are, however, far less imaginative about tables. The authoress was one evening "in communication with a very high spirit," who explained their peculiar mode of proceeding by observing, "If we came with more solemnity we should awe you."

Biblical illustrations addressed to "that limited band, the truly Christian public," are the staple of the less mysterious half of *Light in the Valley*. Balaam's ass was a seeing medium. "Saul was a medium, but he offended God by consulting undeveloped spirits." Daniel was constantly mesmerized. The handwriting at Belshazzar's feast was of the same kind as that which "hundreds of persons now living" have witnessed, and so forth. It is surprising that any person who really reverences the Bible should fail to see that the miracles recorded in it were invariably connected with some moral purpose; whereas the characteristic of modern spirit-rapping is that no human being ever got the least good from it, even if it were all true.

When we reach the second part of the book, to which the words prefixed to this article seem to us to apply with peculiar propriety, we find ourselves in an atmosphere altogether unlike anything that we could have supposed to exist out of Bedlam. Chapter I. is entitled "The Mystery of Hair—The Vision of the Arches." The authoress, a lady who is a "seeress," and a clergyman of the Church of England, who acted as amanuensis, were present when this marvellous revelation was vouchsafed. The revealer was one Vastness, who delivered the remarks which occurred to him "in letters of light." Vastness began by observing that certain kinds of hair "attracted the spirit atmosphere," and that there was "a mystery in the hair and beard which he would try to explain in time." He then exhibited his wife, whose hair had "three guardian angels acting through its radiations." We should be half inclined to consider Mrs. Crosland's friend an eligible advertising medium, and to look upon the three guardian angels as a delicate allusion to the haircutting saloon. After concluding the exhibition of his wife, by quoting the scriptural passage about a woman's having power on her head, Vastness proceeded to produce Samson, and subsequently Absalom. Samson was about five feet ten inches high, and well, but not powerfully made. Vastness also remarked, that the "influence and controlling power of women" depend upon their hair and its radiations. What a tremendous social engine the young lady with a beard and whiskers, now exhibiting in Regent-street, must be!

The Vision of Arches is still madder than the Mystery of the Hair. The seeress saw something between the Great Exhibition

building and a jeweller's shop. There are a great number of arches which open and display a room "something like a chapter-house," in which is a table, with rubies and crystal slabs on it. Then there are certain discs, with "the likenesses of all the animals in creation." "The lion, tiger, leopard, and all the cat tribe, are in one disc, the dogs are in another, and so on to the butterflies." There is a row of white doves which are poets and prophets. They are tied down with ropes, being "the fetters which science weaves for itself." "Syria and other spirits come in." Innocence says that it would be as well if nobody died before forty, and so the chapter ends. Next, we have spirit-charming and spirit-writing, especially one passage by a gentleman spiritually named "Expansion," which is so extraordinary a mass of absurdity and blasphemy that, at the risk of shocking our readers, we will give a specimen of it. "The God-power in Creation is represented by a wheel ever revolving and evolving." "God is now showering his mental baptism upon science and the scientific mind. It will take about thirty years to perfect this mental baptism, and then the spiritual light and life will come in their fulness and their brightness. Science being the body, mentalized science the representative of the dual nature of God, after the lapse of thirty years his spirit will be potent to triunize the whole to himself." It is a remarkable coincidence, that a gentleman "who bears the spirit name of Confidence," should have been guided, about the same time, to draw a picture not unlike the plate of an Insurance Office, part of which is explained as follows:—"The whole creation is encompassed by an undeveloped triangle. The universal woman which is represented by the large half moon is encompassed by the undeveloped triangle." We need not say what the triangle means. Other matters of the same kind follow, alternately so ludicrous and so profane, that we cannot bring ourselves to specify them. One vision in particular, called "Christ among the spheres," is perfectly monstrous in its audacity.

The concluding chapter is an exposition of the various "Spirit Emblems" which "belong to certain specific individuals," with a variety of coloured engravings which represent them. That these emblems do belong to particular people is proved by a young lady to whom they were shown with a message to that effect, also by a clergyman of the Church of England, who, after "being more or less a medium all his life, has lately developed as a seer." Moreover, "Confidence" has been compelled by the spirit power, guiding his hand, to "draw the emblems of certain members of his family." We have pictures in this way of "Sustainer," "Introvision," and "Hopeful." They are all just like crochet patterns surrounded by concentric circles or ovals.

We have taken some pains to analyse this marvellous production, because it is an example of a curious side of human nature. If, in former times, people had not burnt their witches, they would probably have developed into such dreary and comparatively harmless, though occasionally profane, forms as are presented by *Light in the Valley* and kindred works.

THE EXCHEQUER v. THE TREASURY.

THE Select Committee on Public Monies have proposed to end by a compromise the dispute which has been so long and so warmly maintained between Lord Monteagle, as Comptroller of the Exchequer, and the authorities of the Treasury. Like most other financial topics, the war between these officials has attracted little public attention; but it involves constitutional questions of such grave character, and has led to such serious charges against the Executive, that we make no apology for inviting the consideration of our readers to its somewhat dry details. It is not necessary to enter into the preliminary discussion whether the authority enjoyed by the Comptroller of the Exchequer was a new creation of the reign of William IV., or whether the Statute of 1834, by which the office is now regulated, was a mere confirmation of the prescriptive powers that had belonged to the Exchequer for centuries. Lord Monteagle holds stoutly by this last opinion; and there is no doubt that he is so far correct that the principle of Exchequer Control has been recognised from a very early period, though its practical operation does not appear to have been very effectual prior to the regulations which were introduced by the first reformed Parliament. In very early times, the House of Commons discovered that its control over the supplies would be very imperfect without some security that the revenue should be appropriated to the specific purposes for which it was granted; and Lord Monteagle's industry has traced out various instances of the exercise of the right of specific appropriation from a period as remote as the reign of Richard II. But independently of such historical curiosities, the principle has been distinctly acted on ever since the Revolution of 1688, by means of an annual Appropriation Act, which forbids the application of the supplies to any other than the specific purposes for which they have been voted. The grand duty of the Exchequer is to see that this prohibition is not disregarded; and the Act of 1834 was intended to give it the means of effectually securing the obedience of the Government, in this matter, to the behests of Parliament. There are two, and obviously only two, ways in which a check can be put upon any possible irregularities in the issue and application of public moneys. Either the Administration must be trusted with the possession of the revenue, and required afterwards to account for its due application to the specific services for which it may

have been provided, or the funds of the nation may be placed in the hands of a department independent of the Government, and doled out, in strict conformity with the votes, on the requisition of the Executive. These two schemes have been fairly enough described by Lord Monteagle as based, the one on the principle of confidence, the other on the principle of mistrust. By relying merely on the obligation to produce a subsequent account, you give up all check except that which is afforded by the dread of Parliamentary disgrace, and the remote risk of a Parliamentary impeachment. On the other hand, if the misappropriation of the revenue is guarded against by the vigilance of a special officer, having power to control all issues from the Exchequer, a physical is substituted for a moral check; and if the machinery is perfect, and the Exchequer department faithful, it becomes absolutely impossible for any irregularity to occur.

The Parliament of 1834 was not likely to display undue confidence in the virtue of public men, and accordingly it selected the principle of mistrust as the basis of its legislation on this subject. The terms of the statute then passed are as stringent as they could well be made, and Lord Monteagle himself is satisfied with the theoretical control which they confer upon him, although he loudly complains that the daily practice of the Treasury is a direct violation of the enactment. The main provisions of the statute are as follows:—All public monies are directed to be paid into the Bank to the credit of the Exchequer, and out of this fund the issues for the Public Service are to be taken on warrants from the Comptroller of the Exchequer, which he is required to make in conformity with the Annual Appropriation Acts. Immediately after the grant by Act of Parliament of any supply, and the provision of ways and means to meet it, the Crown is empowered by sign manual, counter-signed in the Treasury, to require the Comptroller to transfer to the credit of the Public Accountant, in that branch of the service, the amount of the sum so voted, in such proportions and at such times as may be directed by Treasury warrants for the purpose. The Lords of the Treasury are then authorized to issue warrants, from time to time, requiring the Comptroller to transfer such sums as may be necessary to the officers who may have to make payments on account of the different departments. Before the Comptroller acts on these authorities, he is to satisfy himself that the Royal order is in conformity with the Parliamentary grant, and that the Treasury warrants do not exceed the amount comprised in the Royal order under which they are issued. Having so satisfied himself, he is bound to issue his warrant authorizing the Bank to grant credit for the sums specified to the persons named in the Treasury warrant. It is obvious that if, under these regulations, the issues of public money to provide for the different services, as classified by the votes of Parliament, were made by the Comptroller to different paymasters, one for each separate Parliamentary vote, it would be impossible that money voted for one purpose could be applied to another, except by means of a breach of duty in the Exchequer department. The same result would be secured if the several sums issued from the Exchequer, though transferred to one paymaster entrusted with their distribution, were placed to different accounts in his books, provided that the paymaster never drew against the balance on one of these accounts to supply the needs of any other. If this were the recognised duty of the paymaster, the certainty of the check would in such case depend on the fidelity, first, of the Comptroller of the Exchequer, and secondly, of the paymaster to whom credits are granted by Exchequer warrants. The duty of control would, in fact, be shared by these two officers; and, unless one were made strictly subordinate to the other, it would be necessary that each should be accountable only to Parliament, and that neither of them should be a mere delegate of the Executive itself.

This appears to be, in substance, Lord Monteagle's view of what ought to be done under the provisions of the statute to which we have so often referred; and if all considerations of practical convenience were set aside, it would certainly be the most natural way of interpreting the directions of the Legislature. The actual course of business is, however, very different. The paymaster—or, rather, his deputy, for the paymaster himself has little to do with the matter—is a mere subordinate of the Treasury. The sums which the Treasury ascertain or consider to be wanted from time to time for the different departments are placed, on the authority of the Comptroller of the Exchequer, to the credit of the Paymaster-General. Should the Treasury ask for a larger sum, for any particular service, than remained unissued out of the amount voted for the purpose, the Comptroller would at once refuse his warrant, and prevent the misappropriation. To the extent, therefore, of preventing any issue beyond the aggregate amount of any Parliamentary vote, the machinery of the Exchequer successfully carries out the intention of the legislature. But Lord Monteagle has in general neither the opportunity nor the authority to pronounce whether the requisition for any particular purpose is more or less than is requisite at the moment. All he has to do is to see that it does not exceed the funds legally applicable. Thus it is quite possible for the Treasury to direct an Exchequer issue against an army vote at a time when the money may not be actually wanted for months. When this sum once comes to the hands of the Paymaster-General, he places it to his general balance, and applies it to any service in which a payment may have to be made, without the smallest regard to the particular vote in

respect of which the credit was obtained. Of course, there is this ultimate check, that if money issued for the army has been used for the navy, or for miscellaneous services, it must be restored to the army account when the credit of the latter begins to run short at the Exchequer; and if the full sum voted for each service were always ultimately required for it, the effect would be to bring about a perfect though tardy appropriation of every penny according to law. But it often happens that a vote is taken for a larger sum than turns out to be necessary. If the full amount once reaches the paymaster's balance he can apply it, and really does apply it, to meet any demand that may be made upon him; and notwithstanding the express directions of the Appropriation Acts and the close supervision of the Exchequer, there is nothing to prevent an excess of expenditure on any particular service so long as a surplus from any other source can be found to cover it. In short, the Exchequer check practically fails to do more than limit the total expenditure on all subjects to the amount of the aggregate votes in supply. A curious instance of the interchange of monies between different votes arose out of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. A sum of 80,000*l.* was voted to defray the expense of the solemnity. The Treasury, considering, we presume, that the whole would be wanted, required the Comptroller of the Exchequer to give the Paymaster-General a credit for the full amount, which was accordingly done. The expenditure, however, fell short of the estimate, and from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* of the amount floated about for years in the Paymaster's balance, sometimes providing for the expenses of a naval captain, occasionally for the wants of the Army, and, in fact, paying for any miscellaneous work for which bills might be sent in against any of the departments. This is certainly a curious specimen of a system which affects to control the appropriation of public monies by a check applied before they leave the Exchequer.

It was against such, and such like, proceedings that Lord Monteagle protested, and he insisted that it was the duty of the Paymaster to keep every distinct vote always in credit, and never, for example, to draw for Navy purposes against his general balance, unless his books showed him that he had a sufficient balance remaining of funds which had been transferred to him on Navy account. If he did this, he would practically become the Comptroller, so far as special appropriation is concerned; and if the theory of a check before payment is to be maintained, we think that the proposition of Sir F. Baring suggested the only rational mode of making the control of the Exchequer really operative. This was to place the Paymaster under the surveillance of the Comptroller of the Exchequer, who would keep an officer always on detective duty in the Paymaster's bureau, and would thus have instant information of any application of money destined for one service to the exigencies of another. The objection to this, as to every other scheme for carrying out rigidly the idea of a perfect check before payment, is, that it requires sufficient balances to be kept by the Paymaster to maintain every separate account in credit, and to ensure the means of providing for the drafts or other demands which may come in without sufficient warning to allow time for obtaining an issue from the Exchequer revenue. Many other difficulties are suggested on the part of the Treasury; but practically, the question for the Committee was, whether it was worth while to keep, at the Paymaster's credit, a balance of some millions constantly lying idle, for the sake of preventing temporary transfers from one account to another, which, however illegal, are certainly very convenient, and are not alleged to have led to any serious irregularities.

The suggestion of the Treasury was that the control of the Exchequer should be abolished, as a cumbrous and unsuccessful piece of machinery, and that an audit, both concurrent and final, should alone be relied on to secure the due appropriation of the public monies. If this system could be got into good working order, with perfect books and independent auditors, it would doubtless give sufficient security; but although some progress has been made, especially in the Navy department, in this direction, it does not appear that either the state of the public books, or the degree of independent authority exercised by the audit officers is such as to make it safe to rely exclusively at present on the *ex post facto* check which the Treasury propose. That an improvement in the public account-keeping may one day lead to the establishment of an audit-check, in place of an issue-check, is possible, but as an immediate step we do not know that anything better was open to the Committee than the compromise which they have suggested. This is, in substance, to allow the Paymaster-General to continue his present practice of overdraw-ing his particular credits on occasion, so long as he has funds standing to his general credit, but to require him, at least once a month, to set each account on its legs again, by procuring the requisite accession of funds from the balance applicable thereto in Lord Monteagle's hands. In order, also, to get over the not unreasonable scruples which have been felt as to the legality of the past practice, it is suggested that the proposed course of business should be legalized by the repeal of so much of the old statute as may be thought to prescribe a stricter mode of procedure. These preliminaries of peace will probably terminate the long struggle between the Exchequer and the Treasury, at least until such time as the maturity of a complete scheme of appropriation audit may render it no longer necessary to embody in the office of a Comptroller of the Exchequer the principle of Parliamentary distrust, of which Lord Monteagle is so energetic a representative.

THE MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL PLASTIC ART AT MANCHESTER.

WE now approach one of the most instructive departments of the Manchester Museum. It is not only that carvings in ivory are often intrinsically of exceeding beauty of design and workmanship, but they supply the links which connect the art of the modern sculptor with that of antiquity. The historical development of sculpture can only be traced, through the earlier centuries of the Christian era, by means of the few ivory diptychs of that period which have been handed down to us. These precious remains enable us to follow the progress of the art through the late Roman and Byzantine ages to its revival, together with other allied arts, in the thirteenth century. The importance of ivory carvings, in this point of view, has been recognised by the Council of the Arundel Society; and their published series of fictile casts from some of the most curious remaining specimens has been a most valuable aid to the student of art. Many of our readers, we doubt not, are acquainted with Mr. Digby Wyatt's able lecture on this subject, illustrated by photographic copies of some ancient ivories, which was published by that useful Society. Ivory was used for statues or bas-relief by the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians, as well as by the Greeks and Romans. The *pugillares*, or writing-tablets, of the latter—made of two leaves hinged together with silver pins, and carved in relief on the outer faces—are the origin of the consular and ecclesiastical diptychs, which, with the exception of Mr. Mayer's Egyptian examples, are the earliest specimens of sculptured ivory exhibited in the Manchester Museum. If in any department of the Museum a strictly chronological arrangement would have been desirable, it was surely in this. But this advantage was unattainable; and the visitor must go to the Fejérváry ivories, now in the possession of Mr. Mayer, and exhibited in one of his glass cases near the transept, in order to find examples of the latest Roman and earliest Christian periods. Here the famous, and often engraved, votive diptych, carved in bold and artistic style, with reliefs of Æsculapius and Telesphorus on one leaf, and Hygieia and an unwinged Cupid on the other—a work of the second century, if not earlier—first claims attention. This is a most important relic of ancient art, and is the only specimen of the purely mythological diptych in the Collection. Historical diptychs are more numerous. Here is one of the Emperor Philip, A.D. 248; and a consular one of Clementinus, Consul of the East, A.D. 513, holding the *mappa circensis*—the napkin which the consul threw down as the signal for the commencement of the games in the circus. There is also another consular diptych, a palimpsest, A.D. 519. Some of these diptychs, as that of Clementinus for example, were originally carved with Christian symbols; but others have been applied to ecclesiastical purposes afterwards, the figure of the consul being modified into one of a saint, the legends altered, and crosses and Christian symbols introduced. Of purely ecclesiastical diptychs we observed no specimens. The majestic Archangel from a diptych leaf of the fourth century, in the British Museum (engraved in Labarte's *Handbook*), would have been a great ornament to this Collection. As specimens of a later age, some book-covers and compartments of coffers or caskets are to be found both in the Mayer Collection and among the Douce ivories, which form a part of the Meyrick Collection from Goodrich Court, and which are exhibited in a separate case. A Byzantine character is impressed on the ivory carving of the long ages that intervened between the decline of Roman art and the revival of the art of the West which accompanied the intellectual movement of the eleventh century. From that epoch, the gradual improvement of design may be traced in the plastic as well as in every other department of art; and in no branch are more beautiful works to be found than in ivory carving as practised in the mediæval period. Case I contains a multitude of treasures gathered from the stores of numerous private contributors; and here will be seen, not merely the ornaments of religious worship, but a hundred applications of sculptured ivory to the embellishment of social life. The Tenure-Horns afford a good starting-point in a closer examination of these specimens. These are somewhat rudely, but very boldly and effectively, ornamented with bands of carved patterns. There is the horn of Ulphus, dating from the tenth century, exhibited by the Dean and Chapter of York; another belonging to Lord Northampton; and a third, unusually elaborate in its ornamentation, sent by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. Still more interesting, perhaps, is a Scandinavian horn—the tusk of a walrus, set in silver, and carved in rude but vigorous reliefs of various animals. This is in the possession of Mr. H. Blackburn. As a specimen of the work of the tenth century, note the small plaque, from the Rev. Walter Sneyd's Collection, so coarsely representing the Flagellation. We cannot enumerate all the vases, cups, salt-cellars, caskets, plaques, statuettes, and other ornaments wrought in ivory, which illustrate the mediæval part of the series. Perhaps the most beautiful specimen of all in the present Case is a perfect pastoral-staff of the thirteenth century, exhibited by Mr. Beresford Hope. It is most delicately carved with foliage and patterns, and the middle of the crook contains statuettes of the Blessed Virgin crowned by our Lord, of rare purity of design. Traces of parcel-gilding are still visible on this fine *chef d'œuvre*. There is also a polyptych, belonging to Mr. Farrer, and representing the Virgin and Child, which is of great excellence. It is in works of this period that the Douce Collection is most rich. It contains a crowd of beautiful examples—canopied

statuettes, triptychs, rosaries, buckles, combs and coffers. One subject in relief is pre-eminent among them all. It represents, in the purest style of the fourteenth century, a standing figure of the Virgin holding her Divine Child. On each side there is an angel as a ceroferarius, and a flying angel descends from the sky to place a crown on her head. Among these ivories, too, is a tusk of the walrus, carved in the style of Scandinavian art, and apparently of the date of the twelfth century. We must go back to Case I for the ivory carving of the Renaissance. Lord Hastings sends a *coffret de mariage*, of Venetian work, somewhat coarsely executed; and Mr. Beresford Hope contributes a miracle of minute workmanship in the shape of an oval plateau, or recessed dish, carved in a very artistic, though somewhat debased style, with subjects relating to the chase. This *chef-d'œuvre* is dated 1676, and is evidently of German origin. A school of ivory carving still exists at Frankfort, with which hunting scenes are favourite subjects. Equally elaborate is the ivory knife and sheath belonging to Lord Cadogan, called, though by an anachronism, the knife of Diana of Poitiers. The handle is a statuette of Mars, armed with bow and quiver; and the sheath is carved with a group of the three rival goddesses, and with a lady at her toilet. The design is thoroughly Renaissance. Here too should be observed some pagan or mythological subjects of the mediæval period—for instance, the Judgment of Paris, and Pyramus and Thisbe, in Case I, belonging to the Rev. W. Sneyd, and the Storming of the Castle of Love, in Case L of the Meyrick Collection. The enormous retable, containing forty or fifty scriptural scenes, which is far too large for a glass case, and is placed on the ground near Case I, is more curious than beautiful. The effect of so many small figures in relief, without colour or demarcation of the groups, is heavy and monotonous.

In the seventeenth century, we may observe the names of the more celebrated artists in ivory carving began to be recorded. Among these was Fiammingo, to whom is ascribed an Adam and Eve in the Wall-Case I, belonging to Mr. Phillips. And a Virgin and Child, in the possession of Miss Auldjo, is attributed to Alonzo Cano. The name of Magnus Berger appears on a fine goblet, contributed, among other ivory carvings, by the Queen. Another Case, S, forming part of the Government contribution, contains a fine selection of ivories—staff-heads, powder-flasks, plaques, &c. Bits, stirrups, and saddles, may be found among the Meyrick arms, and a large ivory secretaire among the furniture in the nave. Finally, crucifixes and other modern works, wrought at Dieppe, bring up the illustrations of ivory carving to our own day; but these, though often delicately cut and gracefully designed, lack the power and beauty of the mediæval examples.

A review of the plastic art, as applied to decorative purposes, would not be complete without a notice of the bronzes, and terracotta, and wood-carving contained in the Manchester Museum. Antique bronzes, of great delicacy and variety, form a prominent feature of Mr. Mayer's Hertz Collection. Mediæval carvings in wood, bronze, and terracotta occupy Case H. All these cognate varieties we must take perforce in very unmethodical order. There is a striking bas-relief, attributed to Donatello, contributed by Lord Elcho, which represents the head of a female saint, looking down, full of grace and expression. A medallion head of Maximilian, in bas-relief, belonging to the Queen, and attributed, with little probability, to Albert Durer, deserves notice; and another interesting art-relief is a small head, said to be Flaxman's first attempt in marble. A series of scenes from our Lord's life, in low relief, carved in alabaster, exhibited by the Rev. F. Leicester, are of somewhat early date and good style; and a number of stiffly-carved statuettes of saints, in wood, the property of Lord Delamere, betray their indubitably German origin. From the Natural History Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne comes a very interesting art-treasure—a pastoral staff in wood, elegantly designed and carefully carved, which seems to be of fifteenth century work. A strange contrast to this is the rude pilgrim's staff, roughly cut into patterns, contributed by the Rev. H. Mitchell, of Bosham. The Greek carvings, miracles of patient toil, with cramped design and lifeless conventionalism, are sufficiently represented. How much more free and hopeful than these is the barbaric carving applied to the paddles and spears from New Zealand, in a case near the Oriental Saloon! The minutely carved boxwood triptych, belonging to Lord E. Howard, is a specimen of wasted toil and misspent ingenuity which may be compared with the crosses from Mount Athos. On a larger scale, are some carved wooden triptychs arranged along the aisles of the Exhibition building. For example, a coarsely coloured German work, dated 1436, belonging to Cardinal Wiseman. This, however, is scarcely an art-treasure. From Oscott there is a smaller triptych, also coloured, and representing the Annunciation. Another, belonging to Mr. Bowden, ought to be summarily ejected, as an offence against all taste and all the laws of art. It is a corrupt Flemish work, hideous alike in form and colour. Equally vicious, in respect of taste, is the colouring of some statuettes of saints, which are made of wood and ivory, or other contrasted materials. But worst of all is the figure, in wood, of a female saint, tawdriely coloured, and with real hair on her head, contributed by Cardinal Wiseman.

Going back to bronzes, Lord Cadogan's group of three figures, representing the Flagellation, is a really beautiful composition of some Italian artist. We noted also some statues by Sansovino; and excellent examples of Venetian bronze-work—firedogs,

candlesticks, pedestals, and the like, in bold Cinque-cento design, abound among the curiosities of the Soulaiges Collection. The knockers, both here and in Case H, are vigorous in the extreme; and nothing was ever more delicate than the Cinque-cento scales belonging to the Rev. W. Sneyd, in the same case.

The armouries and coffers, sideboards and cabinets, tables and chairs, &c., of Cinque-cento design, which crowd the nave of the Exhibition building, and form a large part of the Soulaiges Collection, do not call for any particular notice. The design of most of them is such as it would be a great pity to reproduce, but they must be credited with a degree of artistic power such as is seldom seen in the furniture of a later date. We pass, after a long leap, to a few specimens of the most modern revival of artistic furniture. There is an "Alscot Buffet" exhibited, designed by Mr. Dwyer, and carved by a French artist named Trolat, of which we can only say that it is coarse, and not without a certain rude power. Then again, there is a bedstead, the design and workmanship both by an artisan of Warrington, named Charles, who was fired to this emulative attempt by what he saw in the Exhibition of 1851. It is a work of much interest, rich and unchaste in design, as might be expected from a self-educated artist, but a noble monument of perseverance and energy. The only other modern carvings are specimens of our successor to Grinling Gibbons, and of a French rival, named Montreuil, we believe. A bird's nest by the latter would be worthy of all praise, were it not altogether eclipsed by Mr. Wallis's recent performances. We have to express our regret that, in an early notice of the Manchester Exhibition, we commented on the absence of any new works by this eminent Louth carver. Whether any other of his works than those heretofore exhibited were displayed on the opening day of the present collection, we do not know; but we are anxious to say that his improvement in skill is amply shown by several pieces now to be seen under the transept-galleries, contributed by Mr. Carlton, Mr. Varden, and Mr. Tomline. Dead game, flowers, foliage, and ivy, were never, we believe, more delicately rendered in wood than by this artist's chisel.

Numismatics and glyptics form a not unimportant subdivision of ornamental plastic art. The medallists in bronze of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were in the habit of finishing their castings by hand; and hence there is often great freedom and originality in their work. An early example in the Soulaiges Collection is dated 1446. The Wall-case H is devoted to a very interesting series of medallions, chiefly Italian. We cannot particularize them; but one of Lorenzo de' Medici is among the most striking. Some interesting historical medals come from Stonyhurst; and there is a series of Papal medallions, and a collection of English coins made by Dr. Harrison. The gems, cameos, and intaglios form another group, excellently well represented in this vast museum. Lastly, a case of impressions from ancient seals attached to documents in the archives of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, presents much that will interest the artist as well as the archæologist.

Our rapid summary has, we believe, touched upon every branch of this important division of the Museum of Ornamental Art; but the multitude of specimens, and the want of a more methodical arrangement and of a detailed catalogue, render the task of examining them so arduous that few, we imagine, except such as are already virtuosi, have attempted the task to any profit. A better classification would have added immeasurably to the interest and instructiveness of this part of the Exhibition.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRESS.*

M. CLARIGNY, formerly editor of the *Constitutionnel*, has recently published a history of the *English and American Press*. It is a readable book, written with painstaking industry, and giving a great amount of information of more or less interest. It was impossible that readers of the *English and American* newspapers should not notice some short-comings in a work ranging over so extensive a subject, and written by a foreigner. But on the whole, the statistics of the press are put together with accuracy and completeness.

We will not follow M. Clarigny through the antiquities of journalism. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a series of newspapers appeared, gradually growing in importance. But it is only in this century, or in the few years that immediately preceded its commencement, that journalism in its modern shape has existed. In one sense, the press of England is the fruit of the general advancement, resulting from and representing the education, the thoughts, and the sentiments diffused through the upper classes of the community. But in no field have the results attained been more conspicuously due to the energy, the ingenuity, and the practical sagacity of individuals. The history of their efforts is well worth studying. Three names stand conspicuous—those of James Perry of the *Chronicle*, the late Mr. Walter of the *Times*, and Daniel Stuart of the *Post and Courier*. The history of Perry is curious and interesting. He was born at Aberdeen, about a hundred years

* *Histoire de la Presse en Angleterre et aux Etats-Unis*. Par Cucheval Clarigny. Paris: Amyot. 1857.

ago. When a lad, he came in search of employment to London, and in hopes of gaining a livelihood, wrote short articles in prose and verse, which he placed in the box of the *General Advertiser*. One day he presented himself at a bookseller's, to ask for occupation, when the bookseller, pointing to a paper he had just been reading, said, "What a pity it is you cannot write an article like this." It was Perry's own: he claimed the authorship, and the bookseller, who was a part proprietor of the *General Advertiser*, immediately engaged his services. He had soon an opportunity of showing the novelty of his thoughts and the greatness of his resources for conducting a journal. At the time of the trial of Admiral Keppel, he went himself down to Portsmouth, and sent up, daily, matter enough to fill seven or eight columns. No one had ever before attempted anything of the sort, and the circulation of the *General Advertiser* immediately rose to an excess of many thousands over its previous sale. After one or two intermediate engagements, Perry became editor of the *Gazetteer*, and in that capacity achieved another triumph, which introduced quite a new era into English journalism. It was the custom of the newspapers of the day to send only one shorthand-writer to report the Parliamentary debates. It was thus impossible to give more than a very meagre skeleton of what had been said. The *Chronicle* was, however, in advance. Its proprietor and editor, Woodfall, possessed an extraordinary memory, and, by attending the debates in person, and working all the following day, he managed to publish in his paper, which appeared in the evening, a tolerably faithful *resumé* of the debate. Perry immediately struck out an improvement which seems obvious enough, but which, like most improvements, required at the time it was made considerable boldness to devise and execute. He sent several reporters to the House, who relieved each other in turns, and thus the debates were published in the morning. The *Chronicle* was eclipsed; and Perry, having almost ruined it, bought it in 1789. After he entered on the management of that journal, with the success of which his name became bound up, he introduced two other changes of importance. As his reputation had resulted from the revolution he had made in the system of reporting, he sought to perpetuate the effect he had produced, and engaged a permanent staff of reporters. He also separated the general management of the paper from the task of filling its columns with original matter. His success was great and constant, and he was the first of what we may call the modern order of journalists.

Stuart, the founder of the reputation of the *Morning Post*, introduced variations on Perry's method of management. In one direction, his arts were of a lower character, for he was the great author of attractive headings, of the introduction of staring capitals, and the use of graduated type. But he carried much further than Perry the system of seeking co-operation in the contributions of eminent literary men of his day. Mackintosh, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Charles Lamb, were all numbered in his list of writers. He was only prevented from attaining a great success by his early success provoking enemies. The liberal opinions of the paper displeased the Court, and directions were given to buy up all the shares in the property that could be purchased. The plan answered its purpose, and Stuart was superseded by a hostile proprietary.

The *Times* owes its position to the extraordinary energy and the good sense of Mr. Walter. He succeeded his father in the management of the paper in 1803. His first task was to free himself from the burden of a connexion with the Government of the day. The Ministers were provoked, and proceeded to annoy him in every way in their power. He had organised a vast system of correspondence to give the public full reports of the Continental wars. The Government ordered the packets addressed to the *Times* to be seized and delayed at the port to which they were brought, while those addressed to the Ministerial papers were allowed to pass. Walter complained, and he received in reply an offer to put him on a footing with his rivals if he would acknowledge this as a favour entailing a corresponding obligation to support the Government. He refused. His spirit rose with the occasion, and he determined to be completely independent. He got his own ships, carriages, and couriers. The expense was enormous, but so well was he served, that he often anticipated the Government in receiving intelligence. The *Times* announced the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the news was received from any other source by any one in England. But the organization of a vast system for the publication of foreign intelligence was not his only triumph. He introduced the use of steam into printing. Even from so early a date as 1804, he was convinced of the possibility of substituting mechanical for hand labour, and he secured the services of an engineer named Martyn, who worked with the greatest secrecy, as the printers had threatened that they would destroy any machinery that might be erected. Mr. Walter was for a long time unsuccessful, but at last, in 1814, two Germans, named Kenig and Bauer, offered to construct the requisite machinery. They completed their task, and then, frightened at the vengeance which they apprehended from the workmen, they disappeared. But Mr. Walter was not to be intimidated. He discovered the fugitives, and induced them to put the machinery in operation. One morning the printers were told that they must wait before beginning their work, as important foreign news was expected. At six o'clock, Mr. Walter entered the printing-room with a copy of the *Times*

in his hand, and informed his men that it had been printed by steam.

To many of our readers these are old stories, but they deserve to be constantly repeated, that successive generations of newspaper readers may know something of the history which has prepared the way for the high-class daily papers of the present day. The double sheet which is laid on the breakfast-table, full of a verbatim report of a debate which only ended five or six hours before, of news from every civilized country, and of brilliant leading articles embodying the latest novelty in the fluctuations of public opinion, is the result of the labours of years, and pre-eminently of the labours of a few resolute and enterprising men. And the history of the English press illustrates more remarkably than anything else, perhaps, the fact that nations are free because they contain individuals who are not to be put down. The English Government, in its conduct to Mr. Walter, acted precisely as any of the Continental Governments would do. The probability was that the individual would succumb. But Mr. Walter was not intimidated. He did not go off into the short-sighted and short-lived opposition of scurrilous and abusive writing. He set to work and beat Government with weapons perfectly fair and legal. They would not forward his letters, so he forwarded them himself. The existence of such men has acted as a powerful check on the successive Governments of England. At the end of the last century and at the beginning of this, England was approximated, in a degree scarcely credible now, to one of the milder despotisms of the Continent. But there were always a certain number of individuals who refused to be under subjection to Government, and it was because they offered a continual, orderly, and strenuous resistance that a spirit of liberty was kept alive.

The history of the American Press is not very interesting. On the other side of the water, the struggle has been wholly financial. The aim has been to discover the lowest possible price at which a paper will pay. Until 1833, the leading daily journals of New York cost six cents. In that year, a great experiment was made, and papers were published at one cent. The first attempts were unsuccessful, but a more fortunate effort was made to establish journals at two cents. After the two cent journals had secured their footing, another effort was made to start a one cent paper, and this time the most signal success attended the undertaking. The *Sun*, which was the journal commenced at this crisis, has now a circulation of upwards of forty thousand, which pays for its expenses, leaving the price of the advertisements, stated by M. Clarigny to amount to 20,000*l.* per annum, as a clear profit to the proprietors. The *Herald*, which has so long been accepted in Europe as the representative of the American Press, is the most successful of the journals at two cents. We might quote several statistics from M. Clarigny which afford some little material to gratify curiosity; but the truth is, that the American Press is still in its infancy, and we need not, therefore, bestow much attention on it. It has not passed that stage when, to nine-tenths of its readers, or even to a larger proportion, the advertisements are all in all, and it cannot attain any real importance until America possesses a large leisure-class, educated, and desirous of a first-rate paper. This class is in the process of formation, and accordingly the American Press gradually improves, and rises to a higher level. It is one of the greatest omissions in M. Clarigny's volume, that he takes no notice of the *New York Times*, the newest, the ablest, and the most respectable of the journals of America. But, considerable as is the advance that has been made, American journalism, like American society, is still very young. It is because England is an old country, with stores of accumulated wealth, that high-class journals can here maintain their ground in spite of all opposition.

GERMAINE.*

THE popularity enjoyed among us by a certain portion of the lighter literature of France is not a very satisfactory symptom of our social morality. In the matter of novel writing, we are rather fond of setting ourselves up as patterns of purity to the world. We are not as other men are—we are not driven, like our French neighbours, to explore the filthiest recesses of human passion in order to find an excitement that will satisfy our readers. So far as it goes, the boast is undoubtedly well grounded; but it receives a rather curious commentary from the fact that we import in large quantities those very French novels to whose faults our virtue professes to be so sensitive, and that they are the favourite study of all the novel-reading public who have penetrated far enough into the mysteries of the language to enjoy them. And the puzzle is, that these works have very little artistic merit to recommend them, nor are their readers by any means confined to those for whom their evil peculiarities would be in themselves a fascination. That they should be popular with the household brigade only excites surprise in so far as it implies a greater proficiency in modern languages than is usually attributed to that distinguished body. That the remnants of those old coterie works were informed by the spirit, and copied the morality, of the Regent's Court, should delight to renew in imagination the faded glories of their youth, is not unnatural in men who never had but one claim to notice, and have

* *Germaine*. Par Edmund About. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

lost that by age. But it is inexplicable that readers of a different stamp should find, as they undoubtedly do, a special attraction in compositions which only differ from the worst trash of our circulating libraries in those disgraceful features which ought, if our boasting were not strangely hollow, to banish them from the English market.

When Collier raised his voice in behalf of morality against the dramatists of the Restoration, he excused himself for the scantiness of his illustrations by comparing them to the skunk, whose very stink secures him from attack. He could not expose their writings without polluting his own. Our difficulty has been the same with this school of French novels. Their moral deformities have sheltered their artistic defects from criticism. It has been impossible to show how unnatural their characters were, and how blundering their stories, because, as the newspapers say, "the details were unfit for publication." In M. Edmund About's last work, however, we have a case in which the literary offence is, to a considerable extent, separated from the moral. It displays most of the demerits of this school of novelists, with very little of the foulness which generally keeps criticism at a respectful distance. He has, moreover, a nervous and picturesque style, and has already achieved a considerable popularity; and he may therefore be taken as a favourable specimen of the clique. Germaine is the consumptive daughter of a duke in distress. She has lost a lung and a half—the duke has gamed away all his money—the duchess has just pawned her wedding-ring for some food, and is herself also going into a consumption. They have sold, as they think, everything that any one will buy, and there seems nothing left for them but to beg at the church-door. But they little know the institutions of their country. Germaine herself, their most valuable chattel, still remains unsold. A certain Don Diego de Villanera has had a child by somebody else's wife, a lady named Madame Chermidy. This beginning may make our readers think that, in selecting this as a proper French novel, we display eccentric notions of propriety. But a preliminary adultery is as necessary to a French novelist of this school as a prologue was to Euripides. He may wish to be decorous, and not press it on you offensively; but introduce it he must, for it is the basis of his operations. Indeed, if M. About is to be believed, any description of French society would be flagrantly imperfect without it. The following view of the domestic arrangements of a neighbouring country is far too peculiar for us to attempt to present it in any other language than that of the original:—

Il y a bien peu de femmes qui ne soient exposées à coudoyer dans un salon une ancienne maîtresse de leur mari. Cependant on ne s'arrache pas les yeux; le présent et le passé vivent en bonne harmonie, une fois que la frontière qui les sépare est bien tracée.

To return to Don Diego. Being blessed with this infant, and being a Spanish grandee, he was very anxious to legitimize it. The obvious plan of marrying its mother was rendered difficult by the obstinate vitality of M. Chermidy. But the considerate law of France had another expedient in its armoury. If any young lady could be found who would marry Don Diego, and at the same time acknowledge in writing that the child of shame was hers, the desired object would be effected. They say that national law is a reflex of national character; and assuredly there is no other civilized country where it would have entered into the brain of man to conceive such a law, or into the brain of a young lady to act upon it. But however well the benignity of this law might suit the views of Don Diego, they by no means hit those of Madame Chermidy; for she, good woman, was looking trustfully forward to the possibilities of widowhood and re-marriage with her lover, and nothing was further from her intentions than to furnish him with a permanent wife. The young lady therefore selected as a matrimonial scapegoat, must not only be perfectly free from squeamishness, but must have the additional qualification of being at the point of death. A doctor was consulted. He happened to be a friend of Germaine's family. Never did demand and supply suit each other more exactly. He was immediately authorized to make to her parents this eligible offer, backed by a bribe of fifty thousand francs. The duchess was a little prudish on the subject; but the angelic daughter overheard the conversation, burst in, and clenched the bargain on the spot:—

"I will marry the Count of Villanera, I will adopt that lady's child. Thanks, dear doctor, it is you who have rescued us. Thanks to you, the misdeeds of those people will give back a competence to my excellent father, and life to this noble woman [her mother]. For me, I shall die not uselessly. All that remained to me was the memory of an unsullied life; a poor little name, stainless as the veil of a first communion. I present it to my parents. Do not shake your head, mama! The sick must be obeyed. Is it not so, doctor?"

"Mademoiselle, you are a saint," said he, giving her his hand.

"Yes: they are waiting for me above; my niche is all ready for me. I will pray for you, my good friend, as you never pray for yourself."

In speaking these words her voice had something winged, something aerial and supernatural: there was something which recalled the calmness of the sky.

French saintliness, like French cookery, seems to contain some strange ingredients. Of course every nation has its own notion of Christian perfection; but if a mock marriage and a solemn lie go to make up the French ideal of a saint, we must confess to some little curiosity as to the materials of a sinner. Anyhow the device is original, and throws a light on manners and customs. We sell our wives in England, as every foreigner knows; but

until M. About enlightened us, we never knew the marketable value of consumptive daughters.

The money was duly paid, the saint told the lie, and the marriage was concluded. At first, apparently as a mere matter of decency, she was taken to Corfu for her health. But to Madame Chermidy's infinite disgust, no sooner was the arrangement completed past recall than Don Diego developed a sudden attachment to the wife he had bought, which he displayed by "crying over the wheels of the carriage, leaving off smoking," and sundry other touching tokens of affection. But for a Frenchwoman to exist with no one else in love with her but her husband would be the abyss of despair, and M. About has too much sense of poetical justice to condemn his saint to such a fate. Accordingly she lived in Corfu "in a circle of passionate admirations. Every one who approached her, young or old, felt for her a feeling akin to love."

This circle of passionate admirations comprised two doctors, two landed proprietors, an English consul, and a French naval officer, who seem to have passed their days with her in a garden "breathing of gaiety, hope, and love," and their nights in thinking or dreaming of her, and to have displayed all the other well-known symptoms of a "feeling akin to love." These things, of course, were life to Germaine's angelic nature. "She felt as though she was born anew, amid the sweet warmth of all those devoted hearts that beat for her; and, if she did stimulate their flame by a little innocent coquetry; it was only to secure her conquest of her husband." Amid all these favourable circumstances, she recovered rapidly. Madame Chermidy's indignation at this atrocious breach of faith may be easily conceived. But that worthy woman was not to be so easily cheated of her bargain. If nature failed, she would try art; and again her mode of proceeding throws a remarkable light on the working of French institutions. Among the many lovers who thronged her drawing-rooms, there was no less a person than the director of convict prisons. She determined to hire a *forçat*, and send him out as footman to Don Diego, for the purpose of poisoning Germaine; and accordingly she applied to her convict director for the names and residences of a number of *forçats*, which he gave her with the promptest affability. This certainly is a new objection to the ticket-of-leave system, which never occurred to any of its assailants last winter. It is high time to provide against the danger. Colonel Jebb ought at once to give security that he will never confide his official secrets to any suburban Aspasia; and all future directors of prisons must be warranted free from amorousness. However, the French official betrayed his trust; and Madame de Chermidy sent down her lady's maid to the place which he indicated to engage a *forçat*. We all know that French lady's maids can turn their hands to almost anything. The abigail was quite equal to the occasion. She went down and selected a Jew ticket-of-leave man, made her bargain with him, and despatched him to Corfu as Don Diego's servant. But unfortunately the Jew ticket-of-leave man was a bungler at his trade; and instead of giving Germaine one good dose of arsenic, he gave her a number of small ones, which, it appears, are rather beneficial than otherwise to consumptive patients. The consequence was that, far from dying according to contract, Germaine entirely regained the lung and a half which she had lost. Everything else ended as pleasantly as possible. Madame Chermidy was murdered by her own *forçat*; her illegitimate son, feeling himself in the way of perfect happiness, was considerate enough to die of a fever; Germaine became the happy wife of the man who had bought her and her reputation in the market for purposes of fraud; and one of her Corfu lovers became a priest in despair. Such are the earthly rewards of sanctity—or at least of what passes in Paris under that name.

It is scarcely worth while to dwell on the literary blemishes of this sort of composition. Impossible incidents, monstrous forms of vice, and mawkish caricatures of virtue are the staple manufacture of *feuilletonistes* of the type of Mr. G. W. Reynolds, who will furnish the article to any purchaser by the yard. But the moral faults are far more serious, especially as they appear for once under a decorous form. These gentlemen are the most dangerous precisely when they are the most proper—their morality is more pernicious than their license. When they merely gloat over the details of vice, the reader, if he chooses to wade through the filth, at least knows that it is filth, and runs no risk of moulding his moral code according to the pattern which lies before him. But when they get into the pulpit and set before us examples of Christian virtue, their Rousseau-like sophistry saps the very foundations of morality. Emotion is everything with them—hard duty goes for nothing. They are the very Evangelicals of impurity. Cold chastity, rigorous truth, severe and honest perseverance, are little better than formalism in their eyes—the "filthy rags" of their religious congeners on this side of the water. With them, piety consists mainly of sentimental scenes, tender murmurs, and floods of tears; and the pinnacle of holiness is reached, as in this book, when some grave sin is committed and some insane self-sacrifice incurred for the purpose of succouring a lover or a father. It never enters into their head that anything can be virtuous which is not touching; and a little sentiment, like a little unction among us, covers a multitude of sins. But sentiment and unction are so much more comfortable than duty, that it is very pleasant to feel that they will do as well.

LAPPENBERG'S ENGLAND UNDER THE ANGLO-NORMAN KINGS.*

IT is certainly not creditable to English readers and buyers of books that Mr. Thorpe's edition of Dr. Lappenberg's two former volumes should remain in a first edition, and be actually sold at a reduced price, and that the present volume appears prefaced with a list—and that a rather scanty one—of subscribers. The book is printed at the Oxford University Press, but we see no signs of any more active agency on the part of the academic authorities. If this neglect of so sterling a work in its translated form could be attributed to any general familiarity with the original German, it would be quite another thing; but our own experience hardly enables us to put that construction upon the matter. Mr. Earle's forthcoming edition of the *Saxon Chronicle* is the first contribution which the Clarendon Press has made for many a long year to the early history of our country. And it is a fact which seems almost incredible—but so it is—that in the list of books put forth, with a sort of semi-official recommendation, for the School of Modern History, the name of Lappenberg does not occur. Yet nothing is wonderful considering that it is only as we write that the careless romance of David Hume has ceased to be received at Oxford as the primary authority on English history.

Dr. Lappenberg, we must confess, does not belong to either of the two schools of historians which are generally thought most attractive—the ultra-philosophical or the ultra-picturesque school. His distinguishing characteristics are real, hard-working research, and sound judgment. He belongs, in some degree, to the same class as Bishop Thirlwall, though we cannot claim for him anything like the same power of condensed and vigorous expression. For real effective work among the early chroniclers no modern writer can be compared to him. Sharon Turner deserves all honour as the first to open the way to the sources of true history; but both in critical judgment and in narrative power he is far behind Lappenberg. In Dr. Lingard, with his many and great merits, there is always a certain savour of the Pope. Sir Francis Palgrave brings to his task equal learning and greater genius than any of them; but, after all, he is a theorist—a brilliant advocate on one side of a question, who too often leaves out of sight what is to be said on the other. Dr. Lappenberg is emphatically a judge. In some parts of his other volumes we have had occasion to test him, almost letter by letter, against both his original authorities and his modern competitors. In this trial we found his minute accuracy something amazing. A slip, even of the smallest kind, in a most confused and contradictory piece of history, is of the rarest occurrence. And, to our mind, his power of appreciating evidence and balancing conflicting statements is nearly equal to the minute and patient accuracy of his research. There can be no kind of doubt as to Dr. Lappenberg's having produced incomparably the best modern narrative of the period with which he deals. It is, more than any other, a real harmony of and commentary on the original writers.

Dr. Lappenberg, as an historian of the Norman Conquest, almost forces himself into comparison with the brilliant French narrator of the same event. Certainly no two writers can well be more unlike one another than Lappenberg and Thierry. To one whose historical taste had been formed by the latter we should not be at all surprised if the production of our Hamburg Doctor appeared extremely dull. Dr. Lappenberg is content to act as a guide and exponent of the original writers—Thierry gives a glowing narrative, which the mass of readers would be sure to prefer to the study of authorities. Dr. Lappenberg weighs statement against statement—Thierry thought it enough if what he put in his tale was to be found in some book composed before the invention of printing. We do not think that he ever wrote, like Hume, purely from the stores of his own brain; but if a circumstance fitted into a theory or added force to a picture, it was all one to him whether he found it in Knighton or in the *Saxon Chronicle*. Again, Lappenberg, as we have said, is a judge, while Thierry is an advocate. A pretty strong English feeling does not lead us to look upon the Normans and their wonderful chief as quite the monsters which they appear to their graphic countrymen. Consequently we are well pleased to find Dr. Lappenberg, while thoroughly English in his sympathies, fully disposed to do justice to the other side. Yet his general conclusion is, perhaps, more anti-Norman than any we have ever seen. Our readers will, we hope, excuse a somewhat long quotation, as we think that our author's decision on this point should be given in full:—

As he [William] could not be otherwise than sensible that if, from the first moment of his landing, he was an object of hatred to the whole nation, the Anglo-Saxon clergy in particular must, on longer acquaintance, from day to day, entertain an increased aversion both towards himself and his martial prelates; a heavy, yet, for their past obsequiousness and flattery, not unmerited punishment was, therefore, destined for them, which had been deferred only till the King felt himself sufficiently strong to carry it into effect. Hence, not satisfied with the confiscation of their treasures, William now began to depose and banish those whose hostility was known to, or only suspected by him, supplying their places, as he had already done those of the earls and other lay officials, with Normans—a proceeding quite in accordance with existing circumstances and the policy of the Conqueror, but most pernicious

in its influence on the Anglo-Saxon people. For although the Anglo-Saxon Church had not risen in reputation since the death of Caut the Great, it had, in the intermediate space, at least maintained its individual character and integrity; but by this measure its peculiar character was entirely destroyed, and the instruction of the people, particularly of the higher classes, which was wholly in the hands of the clergy, assumed a different nature. Such a change of language and habits in the priesthood must to the people have been almost tantamount to a suppression of the Church, and have wrought a still greater disregard of all religious feelings, had not the complicated miseries of the nation served to raise its thoughts to the Supreme, and direct its hopes to His protection, and to a better future, more immediately and efficiently than the priesthood, with its exotic service, could accomplish. An inevitable consequence of the introduction of a clergy speaking a foreign tongue was, that the conquerors, the future nobility of the country, adhered exclusively to their native French, and the subjugated inhabitants corrupted the pure Germanic speech of their forefathers, and before many years had elapsed, only imperfectly understood it. The collective fruits of the intellectual exertions and experience of the Anglo-Saxon race, deposited in a literature richer than any of their Germanic brethren, either in expressive prose, or artificially constructed, alliterative, rhythmical poetry; the wisdom of hoar antiquity, all the learning, every animating, warning, exhilarating example in national tradition became lost to the people. Such a loss we should with reason deplore, even had it been supplanted with something nobler and better; but that which the Normans brought with them was far from being an equivalent, even in point of mere learning. Those Norman bishops, at the head of their squadrons in a war of attack and conquest, afford us a spectacle as instructive as rare, even in the days of heathenism; and a very slight inquiry suffices to show that the highly cultivated men whose names, before and during the time of William, are enumerated among those of the Normans, do not belong to that people. No poem, no national historic work, no sermons, no essays, no collection of laws, from the pen of a native, have the Normans, before their military occupation of England, either transmitted to posterity, or to which they can refer. We may, therefore, fairly assume, when we see the English nation, after ages of depression, again vigorously flourishing, that this resurrection, but for the Norman conquest, would have taken place much earlier and more completely, and that the civilization of Southern Europe, which the clergy of those migratory ages spread abroad, would have shed its influence more benignly over Anglo-Saxon life, without the transplanting of the Court of Rouen to England. By some, indeed, the fraternizing of the English clergy with their Continental brethren has been regarded as the greatest, if not the only benefit resulting from the Conquest, as if, when casting a glance at the consequences, the too close harmony which the Romish Church strove to effect did not manifestly appear as the chief cause of their later separation; as if, when we look at its origin, so bloody a conquest, such rugged means, must not cast a suspicion over every pretended spiritual advantage. (p. 141-143.)

We cannot, however, subscribe to Dr. Lappenberg's judgment that the general ultimate result of the Norman Conquest was for evil. We believe that that event acted, in the long run, chiefly as a wholesome compression upon the English people, which served to call out the old English spirit in a more definite and antagonistic form. A purely Anglo-Saxon England might have decayed or gone to sleep—the Conquest prevented either process. Then, too, the amazing personal greatness of the Conqueror enabled him to establish such a despotism in the Crown as existed in no other Christian State save the empire of New Rome. By this means the Norman monarchy became as odious to the Norman nobles as to the English people, and in a few generations after the Conquest they were driven to make common cause against the common oppressor. A native nobility would probably have silently separated itself from the mass of the nation, and become in the end a mere exclusive oligarchy, instead of the first rank of the people. Certainly a comparison of the later history of England with that of more homogeneous Teutonic nations does not strengthen Dr. Lappenberg's position. In the eleventh century England seemed to be wiped out of the list of Teutonic States. No such event ever befel Germany or Scandinavia. But the political resurrection of England began within a hundred and fifty years after the Conquest; while the political resurrection of Scandinavia is now less than fifty years old, and that of Germany can hardly be said to have taken place at all. If the liberties of Switzerland and Holland be cited against us, we answer that they rather tell on our side—they also were the fruit of foreign dominion, and had to be won openly from the grasp of the Austrian and the Spaniard.

Dr. Lappenberg's work ceases with the reign of Stephen. It is being continued by Dr. Pauli, known to English readers as the biographer of King Alfred, who has already reached the time of Henry VIII. We trust that Mr. Thorpe will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce him to continue his translation.

PARACELSUS.*

THERE is always profit to be gained from a Frenchman when he touches on England, the English, or their language. The extent of his knowledge is only equalled by its accuracy. M. Cap is a Frenchman, and on the second page he enlightens us as to the origin of our word "bombast," which he traces to one of the Christian names of Paracelsus. This etymology is quite novel. Our etymologists, observing that the word was originally written "bumbast," did not think of deriving it from *Bumbastes Furioso*, but rather inclined to suppose that, as bumbast was "linen sewed together with flax between," it might metaphorically be applied to language of swelling pretension. M. Cap knows otherwise.

However, even in M. Cap's pages, the story of Paracelsus cannot be read without interest. The Swiss charlatan and daring innovator had enough genius to make posterity forget his errors. He was born at the close of the fifteenth, and died in the middle

* *A History of England under the Anglo-Norman Kings, &c.* To which is prefixed an Epitome of the Early History of Normandy. Translated from the German of Dr. J. M. Lappenberg, by Benjamin Thorpe. Oxford; London: J. R. Smith.

* *Etudes Biographiques pour servir à l'Histoire des Sciences.* Par Paul Antoine Cap. London: Jells. 1857.

of the sixteenth century. His family was noble, though poor; and he was early initiated into the secrets of astrology and alchemy by his father, a physician, and by the Abbé Tritheim. A rambling, desultory youth was passed in visiting mines, curing diseases, foretelling the future, and seeking the philosopher's stone. During a journey in Poland, he was made prisoner by the Tartars, from whom he is said to have learned some secrets of alchemy. He then went to Egypt, where he was initiated into further mysteries. Thus equipped, he wandered through Europe, figuring among the doctors, astrologers, and quacks, picking up stray secrets, reputable and disreputable, from old women, gipsies, magicians, and headmen. A peripatetic philosopher, not a bookworm, he read little, but talked and listened to all classes. He had amassed a strange medley of knowledge, which he poured forth in his lectures with amazing *facundia*. Alchemy, at this period, was fast falling into discredit. The serious students were beginning to see their error—charlatans were beginning to turn the error into profit. Paracelsus, who had a dash of both in his composition, undertook to revive and rehabilitate the study. His enthusiasm, his eloquence, and his audacity produced an impression, created a public for him, and thereby ruined him through his vanity.

In 1526, he returned to Switzerland. A lucky and striking cure fixed on him public attention, and led to his being offered the Professorship of Physics and Surgery at Bale. The position was brilliant—too brilliant, for it dazzled him. He set himself in opposition against all traditions, declaring himself the rival of all doctors past and present. In those days, even more than in our own, if a man blew his own trumpet with hearty vigour, a crowd of listeners was certain to gather round, and those who came to hear remained to pay. Paracelsus was not hampered by modesty. He had no misgivings. His audience had no means of criticism. They took him at his own valuation; and the delighted students so thoroughly entered into his polemic against the schools, that they burned the writings of Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, and Averroës, in the very court of the University. "Cette scène était le pendant de l'auto da fé de Wittemberg (1520), où Luther avait livré aux flammes les bulles du saint siège."

This was his apogee. An innovator in doctrine, he further innovated in lecturing to students in his and their native language, instead of in the barbarous style and Latinity then universal. Some lucky cures confirmed his reputation—his failures, as usual in such cases, were passed over. Princes consulted and enriched him. Professors corresponded with him. "In the kingdom of the blind," says the Spanish proverb, "the one-eyed is king—*el tuerto es rey*." In a state of universal ignorance, the charlatan is a wise man, especially if he has also a dash of genius in him. But Paracelsus reigned only a short time. Success ruined him. Hitherto he had lived temperately, but now he took to drinking and debauchery. Success had raised enemies. These enemies drove him at last from his Professorship, and he once more resumed the profession of *théopiste ambulante*. After a few years of this nomadic practice, he died, at the conclusion of a debauch, struck by apoplexy, in his forty-eighth year.

As a medical reformer, Paracelsus may be viewed under two aspects—one of criticism and destruction, the other of construction. His onslaughts against the consecrated ignorance of the day were violent in language, but sufficiently strong in substance. It has never been difficult to expose the absurdity of medical practice. Scarcely any system can resist a good attack, but that offered as a substitute has unfortunately similar weakness. Paracelsus propounded a physiology which was novel, and in those days striking. The leading idea was an application of astrology to physiology. In the stars he placed the origin of the vital force. The sun acts upon the heart and abdomen, the moon upon the brain, Jupiter on the head and the liver, Saturn on the spleen, Mercury on the lungs, Venus on the loins, &c. Man being a compound of body and spirit, we can only act upon his spiritual part by means beyond the ordinary terrestrial phenomena. Dreams will reveal medicines; but the culmination of medical art is in magic. By it not only can health be restored, but life be prolonged indefinitely. Nay, more—by its aid the Wagners of his day were assured that they could make *homunculi*; and they tried.

Instead of dwelling on his absurdities, let us glance at his discoveries. To him we owe the idea of employing poisons as medicines. Unlike the ignorant teetotalists of our day, he knew that, physiologically, there was a profound difference between a large dose and a moderate dose of the same substance. He also made known to Europe various preparations of antimony, mercury, iron, &c. He employed preparations of lead for diseases of the skin, and first used copper, arsenic, and sulphuric acid as medicaments. He knew that when oil of vitriol acts upon a metal, there is an *air* disengaged, which air is a constituent of water. He knew, moreover, that air is indispensable to the respiration of animals and the combustion of bodies—that is to say, he was on the threshold of the modern doctrine of combustion. Further, he knew that digestion was a dissolution of the aliments, that putrefaction was only transformation, that all which lives dies only to resuscitate under another form. He maintained that the virus of small-pox is a ferment, and that the fever which accompanies eruptions is a sort of boiling which separates the impure from the pure elements of the blood. By a bold generalization he placed man at the head of the animal

series, asserting that his organization was closely allied to that of animals—a position on which rests the whole science of comparative anatomy.

This bare enumeration of some of his more admirable innovations conveys but a feeble idea of his real merit, because even if our enumeration had been fuller, we should still have been unable to represent the state of crass ignorance in which the wisest men then were respecting chemistry and medicine. Some one has said—"Il y a des esprits tellement amis du merveilleux que l'in vraisemblable est pour eux un commencement de preuve." Now this was true of all minds in the Middle Ages; and proofs having the recommendation of *in vraisemblance* were never wanting. In the biography M. Cap gives of Van Helmont, we may read fresh evidence of this.

Of the other biographies which compose this volume we can say little that is favourable. M. Cap has all the accuracy and erudition of a Frenchman, without the Frenchman's felicity of style.

THE NORTHMEN IN CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.*

ETHNOLOGY, as a science, is of recent growth. It is true that speculations on national affinities may be found in the works of historians and geographers, from Herodotus downwards; but it is only of late that these speculations have assumed anything like a scientific character. Nor is ethnology even yet so fully recognised as a science as to render its conclusions binding on those who are not professed ethnologists. No layman in astronomy or chemistry will venture to enter the lists with astronomers and chemists—or, if he does, he must expect to share the fate of one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools; but in ethnology, archaeology, and other *unformed* sciences, almost every man thinks that he has a right to dabble. We do not say that the work under consideration exemplifies these remarks. On the contrary, in its general design and bearing it manifests a somewhat scientific appreciation of the subject. Mr. Ferguson states the drift of his inquiry in the following terms:—

The object of the present essay, however, is not to enter upon any general speculations upon the subject, but is confined to an attempt to estimate the extent of the immigration which took place into a particular part of the kingdom—to investigate with more preciseness its character, and to inquire into the probable circumstances under which it occurred.

The great stream of Northern adventurers which swept the Eastern shore of England appears to have been composed principally of Danes; their descents were made chiefly on the Yorkshire coast, the estuary of the Humber being one of their favourite landing-places; in the adjacent districts were the strongholds of their power, and the number of names of places more purely Danish in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire serves to attest the preponderance of that race over the others in the colonization of this part of the kingdom.

The first recorded invasion of Cumberland by the Danes from this quarter took place in 875, when an army under the command of Halfdene entered Northumberland, and wintering near the Tyne, took possession of that district, upon which they seem to have made permanent settlements. From thence they made incursions into Cumberland, and even extended their ravages as far as the British Kingdom of Strathclyde in Galloway. In one of these incursions they destroyed the city of Carlisle, which lay in ruins, as it is asserted, till the time of Rufus. Although the main object of these expeditions was no doubt plunder, there is every reason to suppose that many of the invaders settled at that period in the district.

It will, however, be my object to show that the principal part of the Scandinavian colonization in Cumberland and Westmoreland did not proceed from this source—that it was more particularly Norwegian, and must have occurred about a century later.

In Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, the names of places are, as it has been observed, more particularly Danish. But as we proceed northwards towards the confines of Cumberland and Westmoreland, a marked change begins to appear in the nomenclature of the district. The names more purely Danish become less frequent, and some of them, as we advance, altogether disappear. On the other hand, Norwegian names become more frequent as we proceed, till we arrive, among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, at a nomenclature which it will be my object to show is more purely Norwegian. Here then is evidently another and a distinct immigration, and it will in the next place be our object to investigate, as well as we are able, the probable source from which this immigration proceeded.

Nothing can be better than this, in idea. Such an immigration, however deficient the evidence for it may be, is antecedently probable; and if it could be made out, it would form a not unimportant chapter in the history of Britain. And the author has set to work in a really scientific way—namely, by investigating the strong (because unconscious) testimony of local names and dialectic peculiarities. But when we come to inquire how he has executed his design, we are forced to confess that his argument, to our mind, breaks down most lamentably. What he has undertaken to prove is, as we have seen, the fact of an immigration of Northmen into Cumberland and Westmoreland distinct from those which occupied the eastern coasts, and that this occupation was Norwegian and not Danish. To prove this he relies mainly on the spoken language of those counties. But in order to make this tell in his favour, he must show that the vocables which he regards as indicative of a Norwegian origin are Scandinavian, and not simply Teutonic, and secondly, that they are Norwegian *without being Danish*. The latter task would be indubitably a difficult one, and we do not observe that Mr. Ferguson has even attempted to grapple with it. He has no doubt shown that many Cumbrian words have Norse cognates; but we have not discovered a single instance in which he has proved that the Norse word has not a Danish cognate. But this is the key-

* *The Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland*. By Robert Ferguson. London: Longmans. 1856.

stone of his argument. The evidence of a distinct Norwegian immigration falls to the ground; nor does it need a ghost or Mr. Ferguson to inform us that Cumberland and Westmoreland retain traces of Scandinavian influence.

Nor, indeed, can we regard the words adduced by Mr. Ferguson to prove Scandinavian influence as at all decisive in a large majority of instances. In the first place, he has fallen into the common error of regarding those words as *local* which are not found in good writers at the present day, but are either antiquated, or are still in *vulgar* or *colloquial* use all over the kingdom. A second class of which our author makes use consists of Cumbrian forms of common words; and in many cases the Scandinavian cognate presents no greater resemblance to the Northern than to the Southern form of the word. Thirdly, he has seized upon words as making for his theory which are, indeed, distinctively Northern, and have Scandinavian cognates, but which, as having German cognates also, cannot be regarded as distinctively Scandinavian. We regret that we are unable to transcribe Mr. Ferguson's Glossary of "Cumberland and Westmoreland words of Scandinavian origin," as it extends over nearly sixty pages of his book. If we could have done so, our Southern and Midland readers would have been rather startled to find their household words claimed as the peculiar inheritance of the Cumbrian; while any one with the least amount of etymological instinct would intuitively detect the common Teutonic root in what Mr. Ferguson asserts to be strictly Scandinavian. We subjoin a couple of pages, taken at random, as a philological exercise:—

LYTHE. To listen. S.-G. *lyde*, D. *lytle*.

"We'll see them cheat, and lythe them lie,
O'er many a gallows bargain."

Rosley Fair.

MAFF, MAFLIN. A simpleton. MIFF-MAFF, nonsense. Probably from N. *mafr*, a gull.

MAK. A Cumberland wife calls her husband her "man." The D. *mand* is also used in the same sense.

MAWK. A maggot. N. *madk*.

North. Crav. Sco.

MAZELIN. A simpleton. Probably from N. *mas*, ineptie, *masa*, nugari.

North. Crav.

MOULD-WARP. A mole. N. *moldevarpa*. The word might also be formed from A.-S. *mold*, earth, and *weorpan*, to cast up, but I do not find that the Anglo-Saxons had such a word.

North. Crav.

MUCK. Manure. N. *myki*.

North. Crav. Sco.

MUGGY. Damp, foggy. N. *mugga*, a mist.

MUMP. To munch. N. *mumpa*, to eat voraciously. Brockett has "mump," to slap upon the mouth. The *Sco.* meaning seems to be that of complaining, begging with a face of distress, or as we say in Cumberland, "making a poor mouth." Macaulay uses it in this sense in the third volume of his history, for which he has been taken to task by the critics.

MUN. The mouth. N. *mannr*. This word has several derivatives in English, as "mumble," N. *munla*, of which our provincial "mummle" retains the original form; "muzzle," N. *musla*, contracted from *munsla*, to take in the mouth.

NAB. To seize unexpectedly. S.-G. *nappa*. D. *nappe*.

North. Crav. (Sco. "nab," to strike.)

NAGGY. Cross, contentious. N. *nagga*, to quarrel, to dispute, connected probably with *naga*, to gnaw.

North. Crav.

NATTY. Neat, tidy, well-made, active. N. *natinn*, signifies sharp, handy, industrious, but seems to relate more to mental qualities, while "natty" is applied rather to personal appearance. It may therefore be referred rather to S.-G. *naett*, Eng. "neat."

NEIF. The fist. N. *knuf*.

North. Crav.

NOLT, NOUT. Horned cattle. N. *naut*, an ox.

North. Sco.

For *Lythe* we beg to refer Mr. Ferguson to Percy's *Reliques*, *passim*; and for *Mould-warp* and *Neif* to Shakespeare. "A Cumberland wife calls her husband her man." A German wife calls him her *Mann*. *Muck*, *Muggy*, *Nab*, and *Natty*, are in everybody's mouth. To *Nag* is not an uncommon word for to "worry." *Nolt* is the same as *Neat*, applied to cattle. *Mump*, like *Munch*, is onomatopoeic. Almost any two pages of Mr. Ferguson's Vocabulary, when carefully, or even carelessly analysed, will yield similar results. We cannot help stigmatizing such a proceeding as unfair.

We will, in conclusion, notice one or two points of detail. Mr. Ferguson tells us that the Scandinavian settlers established themselves, among other places, in Pembrokeshire. We should like to know the evidence upon which this assertion is based; as all history and tradition agree in referring the Englishry of Pembrokeshire to a Flemish, and not to a Scandinavian origin. Mr. Ferguson makes an extremely infelicitous conjecture on another collateral subject:—

As to the period over which the Norwegian colonization extended—the work may have been rapidly consummated, or it may have proceeded gradually and at intervals. It may have been that the last settlers were received when, as the Norwegian power declined in Man, the Northmen deserted the soil which they could no longer hold in subjection for the shores where their countrymen were in stronger force; while, on the other hand, the Britons, such of them as might still be left, would naturally be disposed to emigrate to Man. Thus an interchange of population would take place till the Isle, once the stronghold of the Norwegian power, would become, as it is at present, in possession of a Celtic race, and the ancient British kingdom of Cumberland become the exclusive territory of the Northmen.

This suggestion implies a fundamental ignorance of Celtic ethnology. The Celts of Cumberland were, as the name shows, Cymry; whereas the Manx are Gael. How the former were to be transmuted into the latter, we will beg Mr. Ferguson to show.

We are glad, on the other hand, to observe that Mr. Ferguson does not believe "Church" to be derived from *kyrkja*—an opinion

which we are surprised to find maintaining its ground at this time of day.

We abstain from further comment, and content ourselves with recommending Mr. Ferguson, when he next intends to speculate on philological subjects, to provide himself with a German Dictionary, as well as with Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*.

HENRI IV. ET RICHELIEU.*

THE last volume of M. Michelet's history shows no falling off in his powers of vivid narration. Whatever his point of view may be, he so arranges his lights that they break in colours where they fall. Nor is it only to his rhetoric that the author owes his success. His philosophy reflects the scientific Positivism of his contemporaries, and accepts as necessary and good the changes which carry with them the prestige of victory. There is something startling in these transitions, by which the hasty judgments of the day are solemnly ratified, and Henri IV. is condemned because France is against him, or revered because France has accepted him as the only man whom the nation or Europe can trust. M. Michelet, indeed, defends himself against the charge of inconsistency. "Both the blame and the praise are true and well merited. The character is of this type—mixed, various, inconsistent, and double—double both by nature and design. Let criticism continue, if it will, to impute to my injustice and caprice the contradictions and changes of human nature." But this excuse is only partially true. Any man who believes in and idealizes a necessary law of progress in human society is, to a certain extent, compelled to idealize the successful leaders of men. Hildebrand, Luther, and Rousseau have all their places in the philosophical Pantheon. There is this great advantage about such a principle, that the author's sympathies are always with the persons and events he describes. But we cannot resist the impression that truth may sometimes have been in the ranks of the conquered. Fortunately, M. Michelet's sympathies are truer than his logic, and correct his inferences. The honest hatred of tyranny, and respect for a cause that has fallen undeservedly, appear in every line of the splendid chapters which describe the surrender of Rochelle.

The volume opens somewhat theatrically with a description of the position and death of the "Charmante Gabrielle." She is French, and at heart Huguenot—her enemies are the Spanish and Catholic party. These reasons sufficiently explain why M. Michelet has made a heroine of a heartless woman of the world, whose misfortunes are her only title to interest. Whether she was murdered or not, is a question which we can hardly consent to look upon as settled. In the absence of all evidence, the most skilful advocate can do nothing more than calculate probabilities. It is certain that she was the great obstacle to the marriage of Henri IV. with Marie de Medicis, and that that marriage was desired earnestly by an unscrupulous party at Court. Assassination was so much a fashion of the day, that there is always an *à priori* probability in favour of its employment where it might have been useful, or where circumstances of suspicion exist. And the facts that Gabrielle was separated from her lover when her death occurred—that she was suddenly taken ill, and died in torture—and that false intelligence of her death was sent to Henry while she was still living, are all in themselves weighty, and deserved more attention than they received at the time. On the other hand, the death of a woman with child often happens suddenly, and is likely to be attended with great agony. And if it be true that Gabrielle thought herself the victim of treachery, it is scarcely wonderful that her attendants should seek to keep the King from her. M. Michelet has, we think, overstated his case in attempting to show that the grave Sully was an accomplice. Putting aside all question of his character, it is difficult to believe that the first statesman of the day would murder his friend's mistress in order virtually to ruin himself. Henry's real grief and apparent apathy are not difficult to understand. Perhaps, as M. Michelet suggests, he shrank from prosecuting inquiries which might have severed him from the living, and could not give back the dead. Anyhow, his courage was not of the kind which dares to look a great sorrow steadily in the face. Without analysing the changed circumstances of his life, he resumed again his habits of brilliant dissipation; but he felt, as he himself expressed it, that his heart was withered to the root.

In this splendid misery—in the solitude of companionship with a woman who loathed him, and with courtiers who traded on the Queen's weakness or infamy—Henry woke again, as it were, to the consciousness of his real and nobler self. The shock which teaches a great man his capacity for suffering is often the critical moment in which he measures his strength and determines to live for others. Henry's projects assumed a serious and grave character which we miss altogether in his chivalrous dash at a crown. "The romantic conception which Sully ascribes to him of wishing to lay the foundations of perpetual peace—to create, by a short and vigorous war, a new state of universal tolerance, of friendship between States—is this only the dream of a madman? I do not know; but beyond all doubt it is that of a poet." And, let us add, the truest idealism is that which is rigidly true to facts in its outline, and only different from reality because thought has

* *Henri IV. et Richelieu.* Par J. Michelet. London: D. Nutt.

no obstacles and no shortcomings. Henry's vision was prophetic of coming changes in the European commonwealth, and his system of "the balance of power" is nothing more than an anticipation of the dominant idea of modern statesmanship. The French King therefore becomes, in some sort, the typical statesman of the sixteenth century, and the facts of his last years, as M. Michelet shows, sufficiently prove that he was prepared to carry out his ideas without any pedantic deference for conventions or prejudices. His three armies were commanded by Protestants, and his soldiers spoke openly of making war upon the Pope. Women and priests have a certain instinct in their hatred which never deceives them. It is scarcely wonderful, therefore, that Marie de Medicis and the Jesuits were pointed out by the popular voice as guilty of Henry's death. The nation felt that those who loved so little, and were certain to profit so much, would not be deterred by any human shrinkings from the execution of a crime. Secret murder had its canonical place among the mysteries of Italian faith.

But the Spanish reaction was already beginning to die out in the seventeenth century. The wild fanaticism of the preachers of the Ligue, which finds its best parallel among our own Puritans, was succeeded by the decorous mediocrity of pure Gallicanism. Religion was no longer a matter of life and death; but it was respectable and dignified. It introduced at Court, it recommended to office, and if it sometimes compromised with morality where the pleasure of a wealthy sinner was at stake, it could always point to some among its sons whose scrupulous sanctity did not ask for or need indulgence. Camus, Romillion, and St. François de Sales are the mild luminaries of this epoch. But the quiet sensible faith, which dislikes enthusiasm and fences itself about with conventional forms, is almost certain to be tedious when it is left to itself, and to lose its meaning and become secular when it emerges from the oratory into the world. The theology of this period has left no trace in the world of letters. The great days of the Gallican hierarchy begin when Bossuet has received inspiration from La Trappe, and Fénelon from Port Royal. Something ventured, and something lost, sacrifice and suffering, are the necessary conditions of religious impulse and thought. And the mere reaction against the changes and violence which had shaken society in the fluctuations of faith throughout the whole century, brought with it a longing for quiet, which we trace in the institutions of the day. Among these were religious orders which have no history, like the Visitandines or the Ursulines, but which did good in their own noiseless manner as the times needed, and in the fashion the times approved. Clearly, devotion has become more practical, when the splendid egotism of the Carmelites, who live for prayer and themselves, is less attractive than the housewifely occupations of nursing and teaching. But this respect for the actual wants of the day has another side to it. The spurious feudalism of noble families in the time of Louis XIII. can only support the expense of a single son, who inherits the title and estates. For the other children there is no proper place in society. "The second son will enter the Church, which is rich in benefices, and, at least professedly, childless. The daughters will die *en religion*. The monumental work of the age is to build everywhere these vast mortuary homes, where *ennui* will silently wear them away." Church and State are thus interlaced inextricably—it is the first act of the drama of the French Revolution.

It is this monumental decorum of the upper classes which contrasts so strangely with what was seething under the surface of society. M. Michelet's chapters on witchcraft in the seventeenth century are not to be read by all the world, or to be believed without reserve. In attempting to paint in its own colours the degradation of an enslaved country, he has often wandered into details which are simply repulsive. The modesty which is sacred in common life ought not to be violated in history. And it is absurd to represent witchcraft as especially a product of the soil and circumstances of France. We in England have unhappy reason to recal the trials and executions which disgraced our own jurisprudence under James I., and the guilt of innocent blood clings even more heavily to our Puritan colonies in America. In fact, wherever an intelligent comprehension of the facts of nature has been wanting, a faith in supernatural providences sprung up luxuriantly; and the devil whom all the Churches believed in, supplanted the saints whom one half of Christendom rejected, as the *Deus ex machina* for all unexpected events. Sometimes, indeed, there was scarcely anything sombre about the belief. The white witch was beneficent, and the Prince of Darkness a gentleman as harmless as Robin Goodfellow. But the midnight orgies of "the Sabbath" do not admit of this palliation; and, although the most revolting, they are scarcely the most terrible side of the picture. Magic had its votaries in the convent, and the hatred of the bar to the clergy brought to light horrors which must be read before they can be imagined. A director seducing two of his penitents, and debauching their minds with the belief in sorcery, that his power may be more irresistible—the deadly jealousy and revolt of one of the victims, who denounces her lover, and follows him through the courts to the stake—the prurient curiosity of the judges, and the wild revelations of minds unhinged by terror—form altogether a picture which it is better to glance at and pass by in silence than to follow out through the ghastly details of the legal documents. M. Michelet's criticisms deserve attention, though they are rather suspicions than inferences. "What passed in a moderate and sensible order, under the Oratorian discipline, will serve to make intelligible the drama which the others con-

cealed, and which continues to glare out in tragic bursts of light through the whole century. The attention which of late years has been deservedly directed towards Port Royal has occupied itself too exclusively with this rare exception, and has made us forget unduly what facts in general were. In spite of the incredible energy with which different religious parties have laboured to stifle what transpired of conventual life, abundant record of it exists, and the history of the confessional may be very well traced in it."

M. Michelet has something of the art of the *feuilletonist* in his histories. His former volume broke off at the accession of Henri IV.—his last breaks off after tracing the rise of Richelieu. Probably, as the historian collects materials, he will learn to think more kindly of the statesman who laid the foundations of French unity. But Richelieu's system is too nearly related to the bastard Imperialism of modern France to be treated otherwise than with repugnance and regret. The difficulties are great for a patriot—it is only safe to predict that M. Michelet will write eloquently and well.

THE NOBLE TRAYTOUR.*

WE should rather like to see Thomas of Swarraton, Armiger, who publisheth his boke over against St. Peter's Church, in Cornhill. But of the boke itself, the Prologue and one other sample will, we think, entirely satisfy our readers:—

Your Patience, Gentles. An it please you, I have here some Tapestries and Painted Cloths, shewing the Great Earl of Essex, his Favour and his Fall.

You shall see, an ye list, the veritable picture of her Majesty in little—all her fine Court about her: a sketch of a good old Knight among his people; besides some others whose features, haply, you may remember. My Lord, himself, standeth not so upon the Canvass as one might say—"This is he and none else;" but 'tis not so needful to shew him forth largely, who left so small impress on his Times.

Truly I have varnished and darned, here and there, what was worm-eaten or chilled. Some smirchings and chafings, too, had come of being long tied up, and of passing through unclean hands; yet, as I have honestly left those chief figures as they were, you shall not complain if in lesser ones—mine own invention—I have copied the Colours from rare Books, or the Shape from ingenious Cuts.

Now take your own Lanthorns, pray! These be no Perspectives, I warrant ye! Look closely, and welcome! An ye find not that the Queen hath been cruel to the youth she fondled, I have lost my labour and will roll up my wallet. But, an ye take exception at Sir Thomas, e'en come not to Chenies on our gaudy day!

When the thread be fine the Work should be delicate. What can I say who have but an used-up Yarn? I' faith the Skein of my Tale is slight enow: and the weaving on't, peradventure, is unanswerable thereto!

Marry! the Canvass is naught, the Painting is naught—the Likeness is all!

This most marvellous quaint and ancient style is kept up, look you, all through the book:—

And the young man watched his parents lest they should inquire what of the night? And he essayed to talk once or twice: and to eat boldly and to drink with courage, as who should say, "Marry, 'tis well with me!" Spigot, he doled out the small ale and frothed up the sack as usual, and Mistress Dorothy came for her orders. And you might hear the household sounds betimes, and believe that nothing out of the way had happened at Chenies. In fact, one spirit moved all hearts, as if each had made a covenant with himself to this effect: "My sorrows I will bear alone; nor let them add to those which they, most dear to me, must bear. Would God I could suffer for them also!"

Now Master Quiddity, the lawyer, came up to Chenies to explain matters to Sir Thomas. And Sir Thomas would have his wife and his son beside him the whilst. And they listened patiently; for the Knight had said, "The virtue of Prosperity is Temperance; and as, by God's blessing, we have practised that, so let us, o' God's name, practise the virtue of Adversity, which is Fortitude. 'Tis the most heroical virtue." And William felt much ashamed, remembering (in part) his dream. "Yes!" said Dame Elizabeth, "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New."

One wonders what the man who has written three volumes of this can be like in private life. Does he dress in the fashion of the present day, and travel by railroad, or does he go about from hostel to hostel in a slashed doublet, trunk hose, and a pointed hat and feather, mounted on his good steed, and calling to mine host for a cup of sack? Have Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., over against St. Peter's Church, ever beheld the bodily presence of this curiosity of literature? Is Thomas of Swarraton serious, or is he passing off on us one of his "gleeks?" If it is a "gleek," all we can say is, Mass! the author and his publishers will find it a passing expensive one. If it is a serious effort to write in the style of a more "heroical" age, in sooth, we can only hope it will be right highly appreciated by heroical readers and heroical critics.

* *The Noble Traytour*. A Chronicle. By Thomas of Swarraton, Armiger. London: printed for Smith, Elder, & Company, over against St. Peter's Church, in Cornhill. 1857.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEST KENT LABOURERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

President—THE MARQUESS CAMDEN.

Vice-President—THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at the Town Hall, Tonbridge, on Wednesday, September 30th, 1857, at Four o'clock.

The Committee having succeeded in obtaining the erection of a pair of Cottages, (each containing four rooms, &c.) for Agricultural Labourers, at a cost of 155 guineas, and two other pairs, on a somewhat larger scale, at a proportionately increased cost, invite all gentlemen who take an interest in the well-being of the labouring classes, to attend the Annual Meeting, and to inspect these, which may be well termed, "Model Cottages." They are situated close to the Railway Station at Tonbridge, and attendance will be given from Nine in the Morning until Two, to explain the details and peculiarities of the Cottages.

2, Middle-row, Maidstone, Sept. 21, 1857.

CHAS. J. COOKE, Hon. Sec.

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The Equitable is a Mutual Society, and the whole of the Profits are appropriated to the benefit of the Assured. Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on one and the same Life.

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Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

BONUS TABLE.

Showing the additions made to Policies of £1000 each.

Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1820	523 16 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1825	392 14 0	103 14 0	1498 8 0
1830	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1835	185 3 0	83 17 0	1274 0 0
1840	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1845	65 15 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1850	10 0 0	75 15 0	1085 15 0
1855	—	15 0 0	1015 0 0

And for intermediate years in proportion.

The next appropriation will be made in 1861.

Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, *Actuary.*

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THE SCHOOLS OF ART AND DRAWING AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, and in the following Metropolitan Districts, will re-open on the 1st of October:—

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2. Finsbury, William-st., Wilmington-sq.
3. St. Thomas Charterhouse, Goswell-st.
4. Rotherhithe Grammar-school, Deptford-road.
5. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Long Acre.
6. Lambeth, St. Mary's, Princes-road.
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THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON WINE COMPANY (Limited) have decided upon despatching a Gentleman of very great experience to the Vineyards of Champagne, Burgundy, and the Bordeaux District, for the purpose of selecting pure Wines at moderate prices.—The Public are respectfully informed that the Directors will undertake the execution of Orders, from a Dozen Case upwards. The packages can be marked with the name and address of the purchaser, and forwarded direct from the places of growth. The Directors will undertake to deliver, at a saving of at least from 12s. to 15s. per Dozen on the prices usually charged by Retail Merchants, the following Wines—viz. sparkling, crennang, and still Champagnes, Red and White Burgundy, Red and White Hermitage, Clarets of the different growths, Sauternes, Barsac, and Chablis. The Directors have received the fullest information respecting the coming Vintage in France, and they have every reason to believe that they will be able to offer Champagne at from 43s. 6d. to 65s. per Dozen; Clarets, at from 30s. to 72s., according to quality. The other descriptions mentioned can be supplied at equally low prices.

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N.B.—The above-named Wines can be shipped for exportation at a reduction of 10s. per dozen.

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